ANSELM BASSETT X X

Anſelm Baſsett X X

Rochester September 21, 1805

Symphony P. M.

To bless the Lord our God in strains divine, | With thankful hearts, & rapture'd voices join; | To us what wonders his right hand hath shown! | Mercies his chosen

Continuation of Symphony –

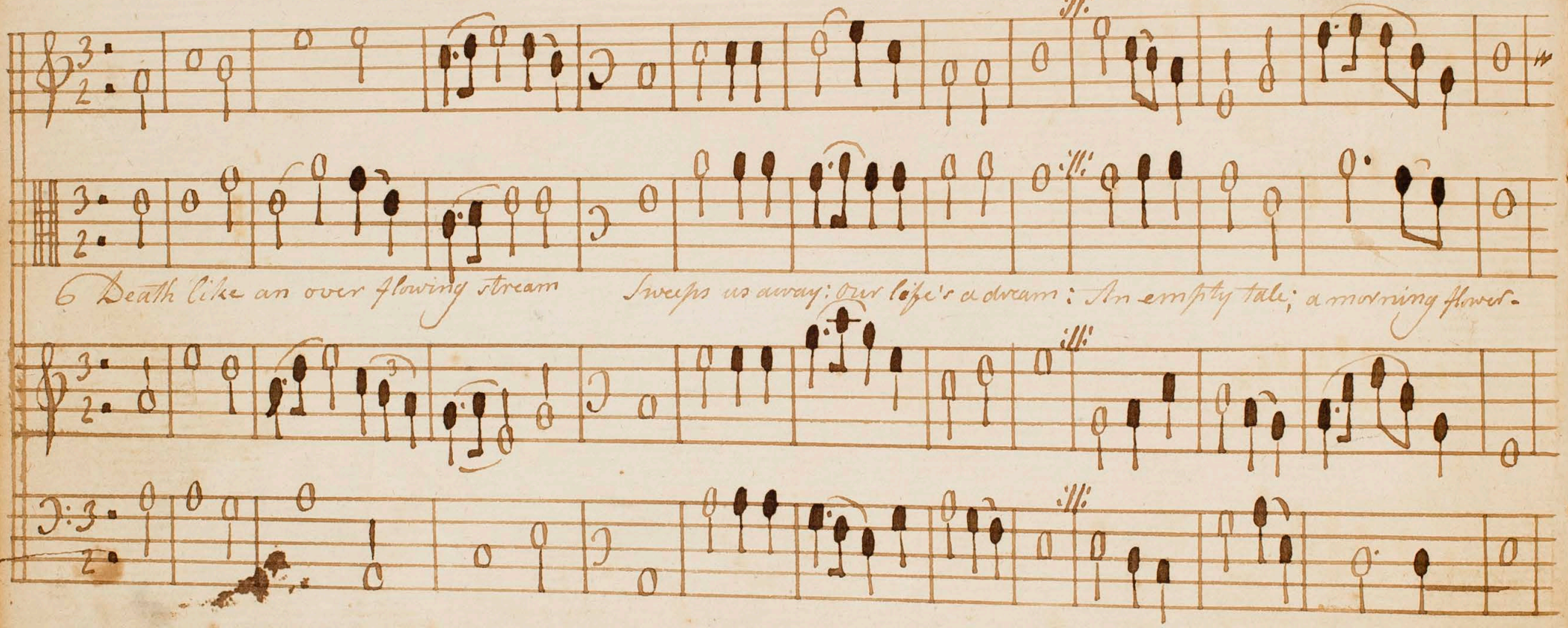
Like David blest,

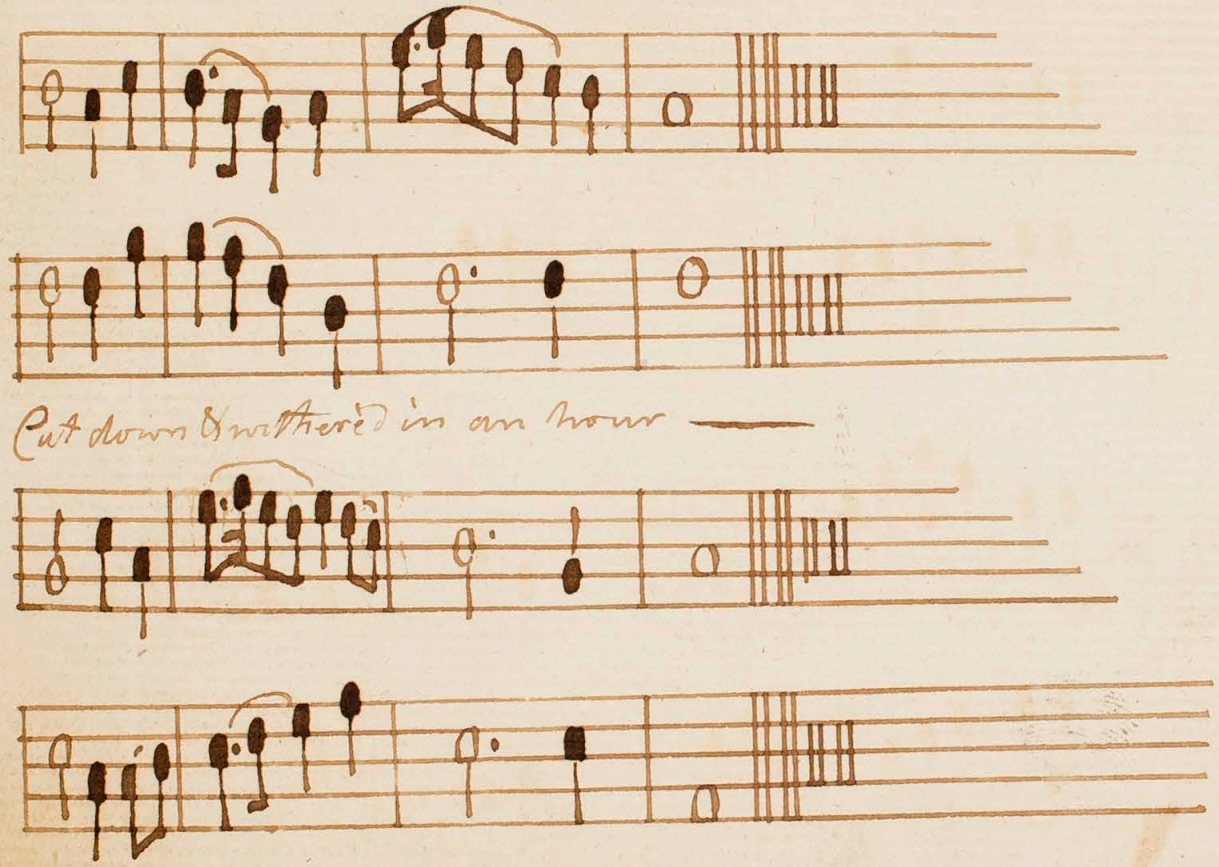
tribes have scarcely known,

begin th' enraptur'd song,

Let praise & joy awaken ev'ry tongue.

Amanda L. M. P.s. 90. By Reed —




Cut down & withered in an hour —

Shoreham C. M. By Stone

In the full choir a broken string groans with a strange surprise

The rest in silence mourn their King that

The rest &c. . .

1 2

1 2

bleeds & lovers & dies

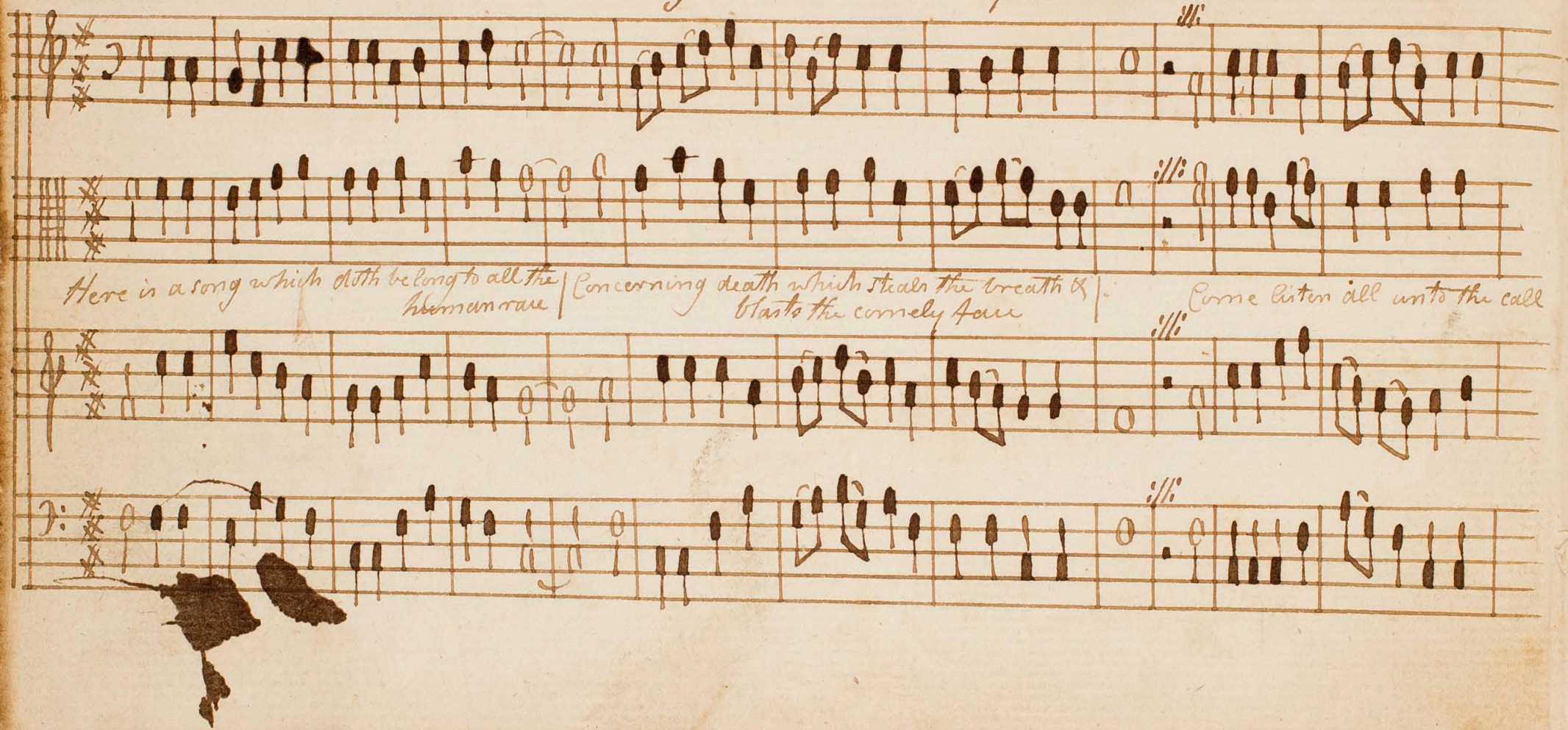
1 2

1 2

The rest &c

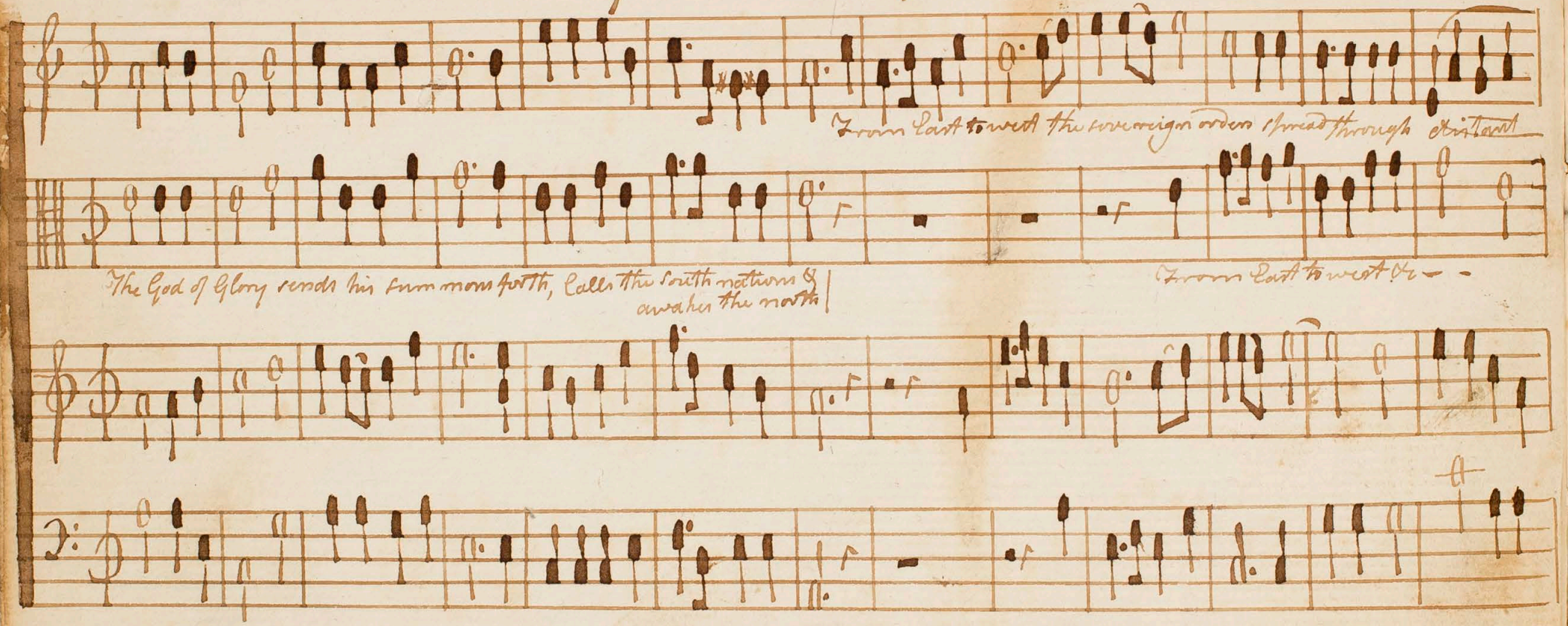
That bleeds &c. &c.

Solemn Song. C. M. By E. West —



For you must die as well as I & pa - - -

Sunday P. M. By C. West – Ps. 50.



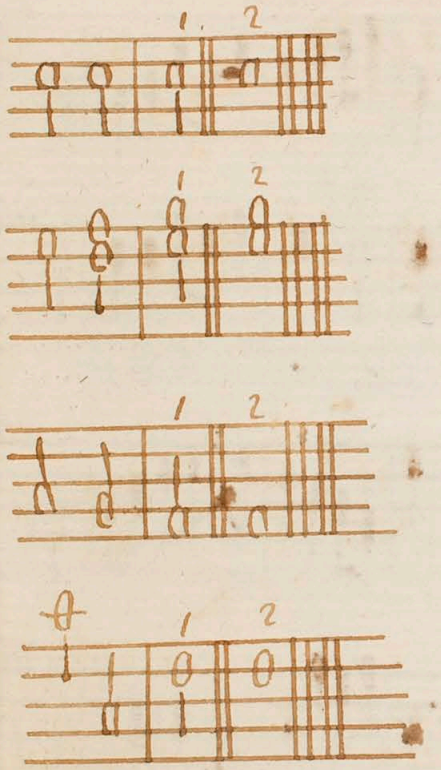
worlds & regions of the dead

The trumpet sounds Hell trembles Heaven rejoices lift up your hands giants
with cheerful voices!

Attleborough L. M. By Lane

Dia. Forte

The Lord how wondrous are his ways, | How firm his truth how large his grace, | He takes his mercy from his throne | And there he makes his glories known —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Solitude C. M. By E. West —

My refuge is the God of Love. My foes insult & cry // Fly like a timorous trembling dove / // // To distant mountains fly

1st My refuge is the God of Love
My foes insult & cry
Fly like a timorous trembling dove
To distant mountains fly

2d Since I have plac'd my trust in God
My refuge always nigh
Why should I like a timorous bird
To distant mountains fly

Since I have plaid my trust in God my refuge always nigh | Why should I like a tim'rous bird :|| To distant mountains fly | Why should I like a tim'rous bird to distant mountains fly

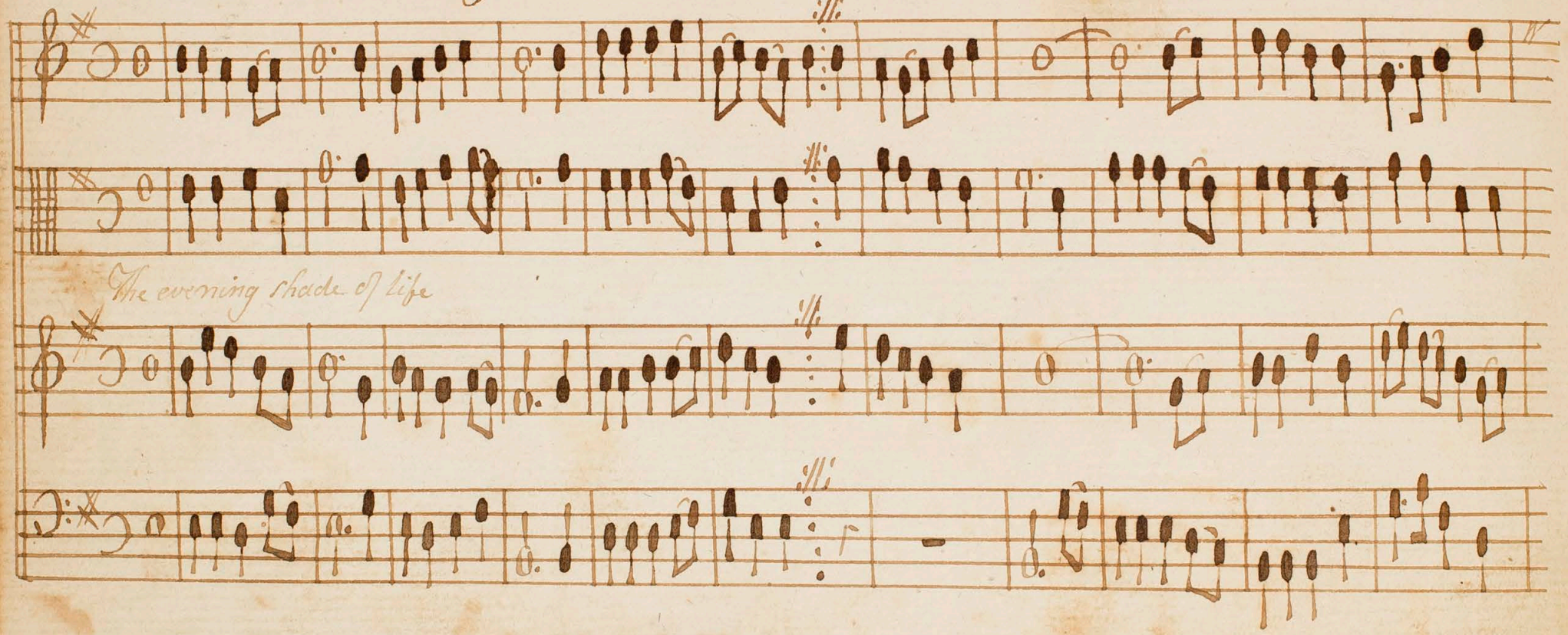
My trust in God my refuge always nigh | Why should I like a tim'rous bird to distant mountains fly | A tim'rous bird to distant mountains fly

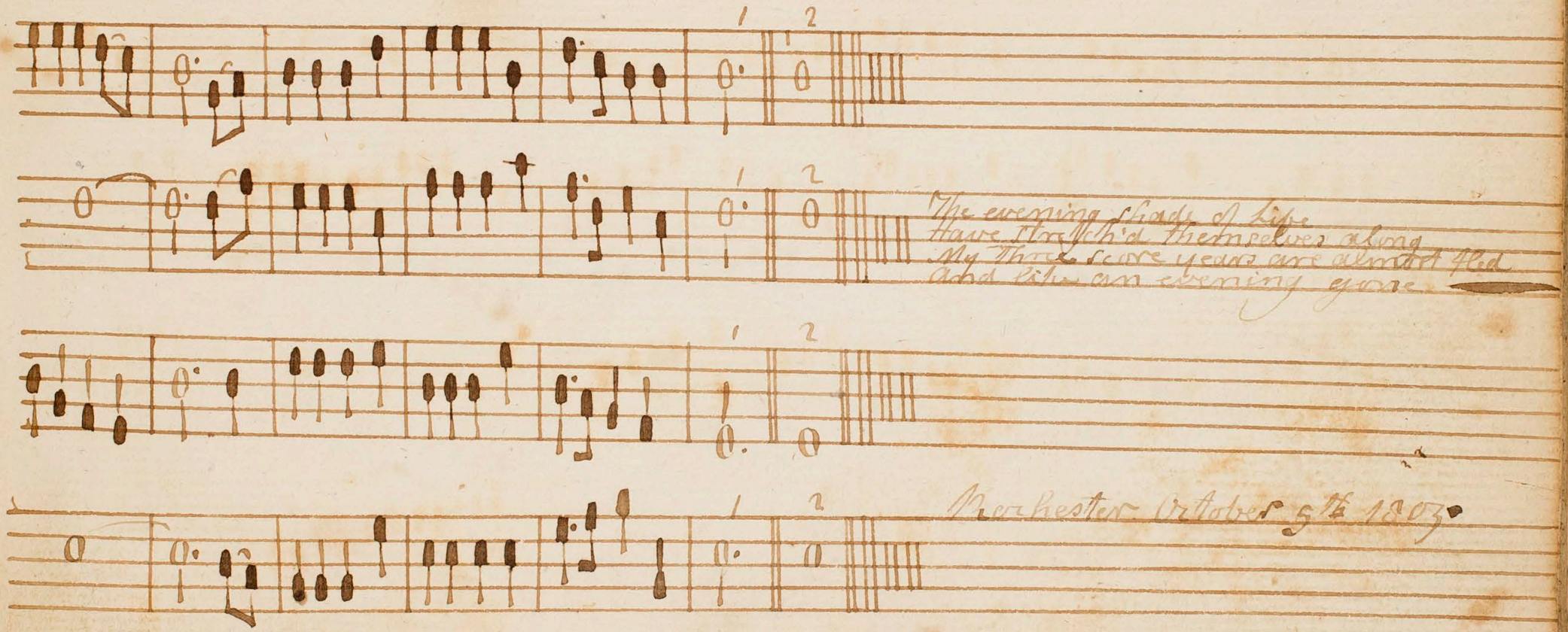
My refuge always nigh.

My trust in God my refuge always nigh | Why should I like a tim'rous bird :|| To distant mountains fly | A tim'rous bird to distant mountains fly

28

Evening Shade S. M. By Troop




The evening shade of life
Have stretch'd themselves along
My three score years are almost fled
And like an evening gone.
Manchester October 5th 1803.

16

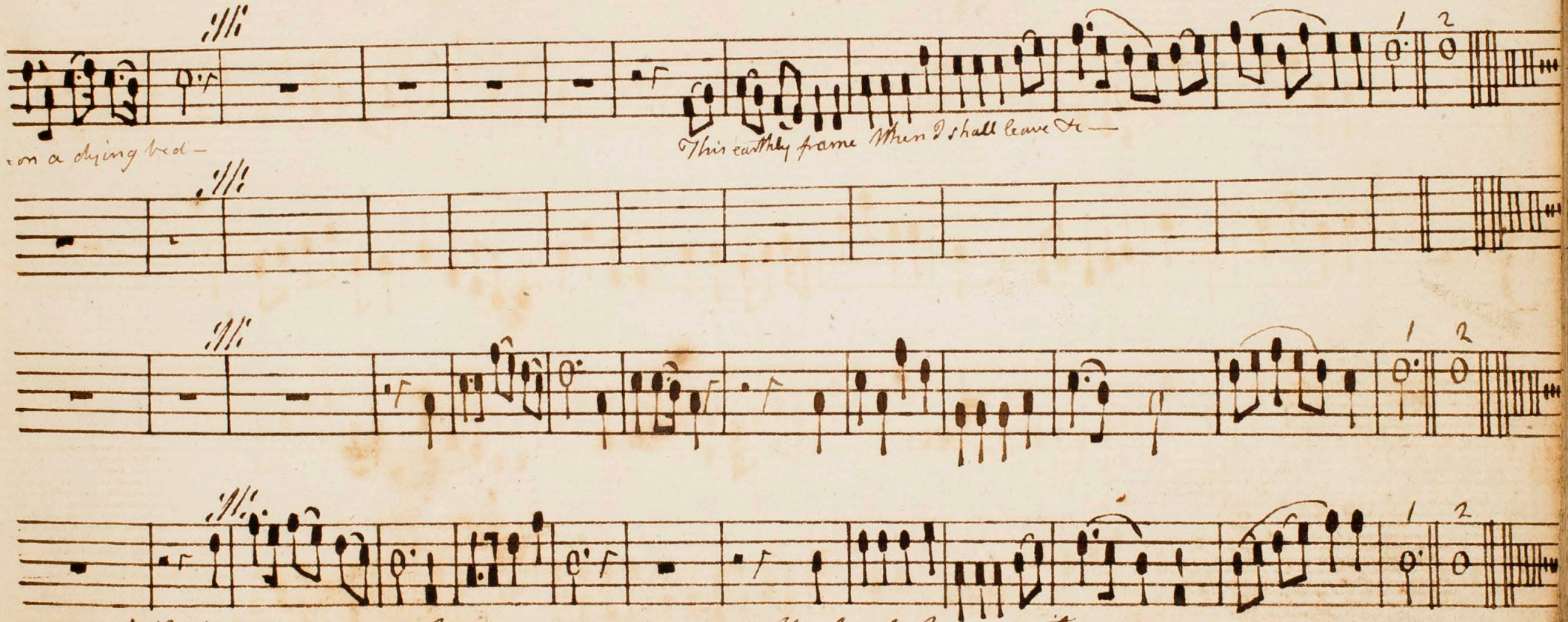
3A 32

Elogy. S. M.

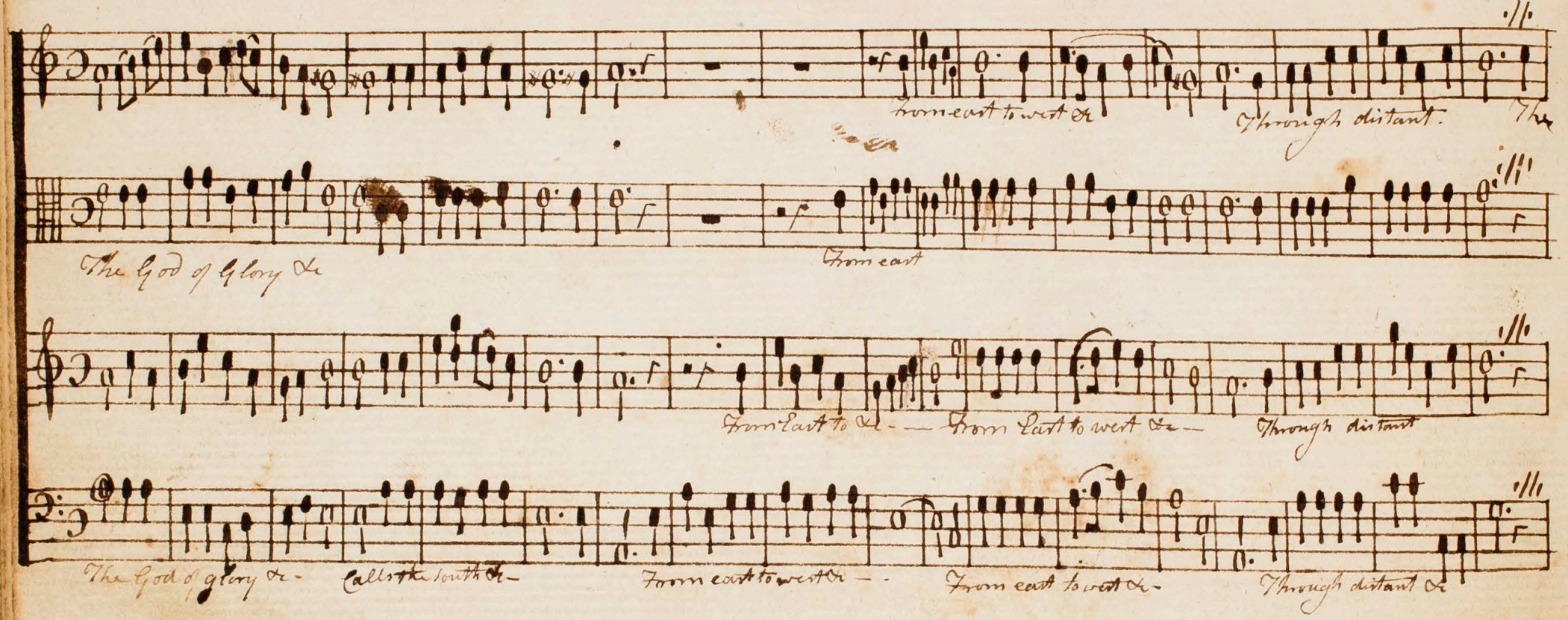
Behold a sinner Lord -

Convicted by thy holy word

Asp-


on a dying bed —
This earthly frame When I shall leave &c —
Behold a sinner Lord
While death is o'er him spread
Convicted by thy holy word
Upon a dying bed —
My lovely Jesus waits
To crown my soul anew
When I shall leave this earthly frame
And bid this world adieu —

Pennsylvania P. M. 50 P.



trumpet &c — The trumpet — The trumpet &c — Lift up your — —

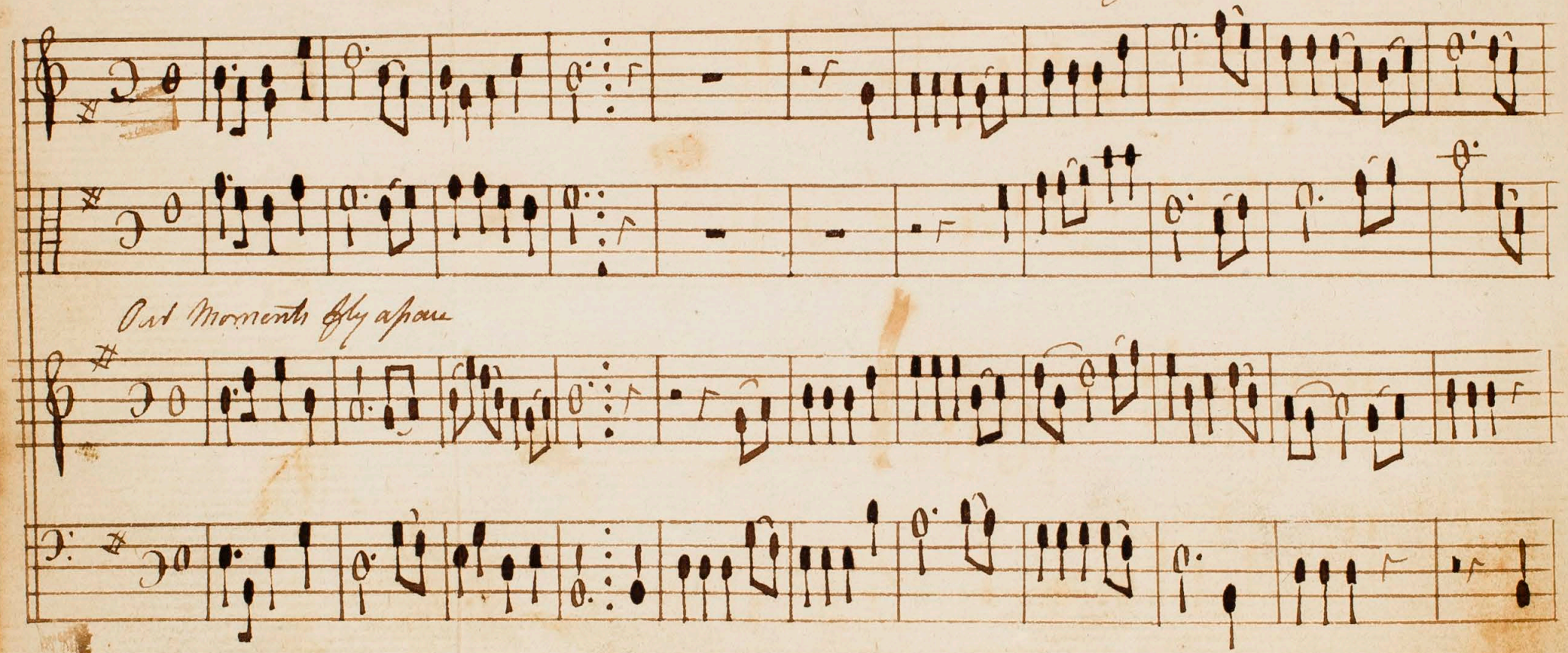
The trumpet sounds &c — The trumpet &c — heaven rejoices | Lift up your heads &c

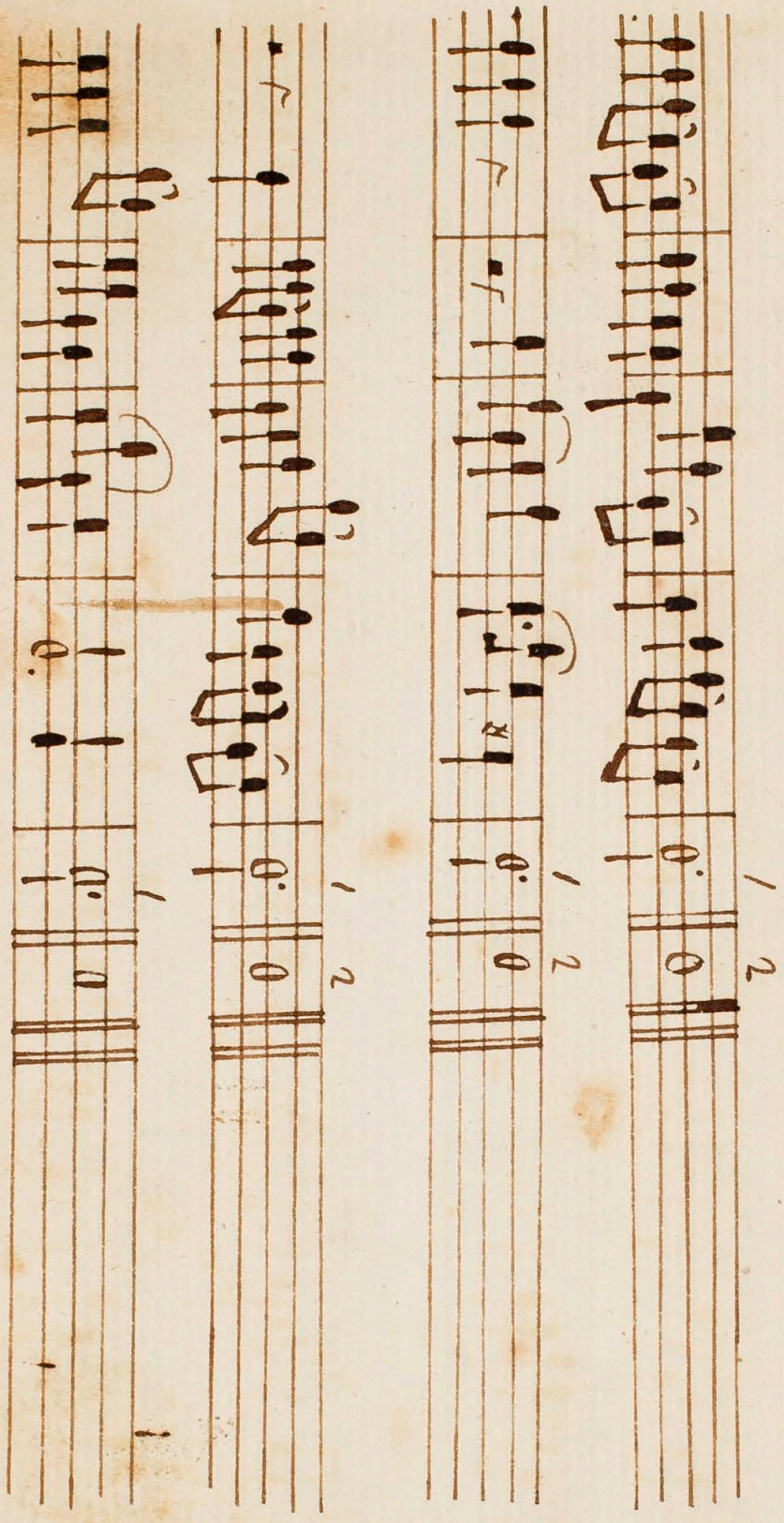
The trumpet sounds &c — The trumpet

The trumpet sounds &c — The trumpet sounds &c — Lift up your heads Ye saints &c

42

Tribulation S. M. by W. James.





Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days,
Are sweeping us away.

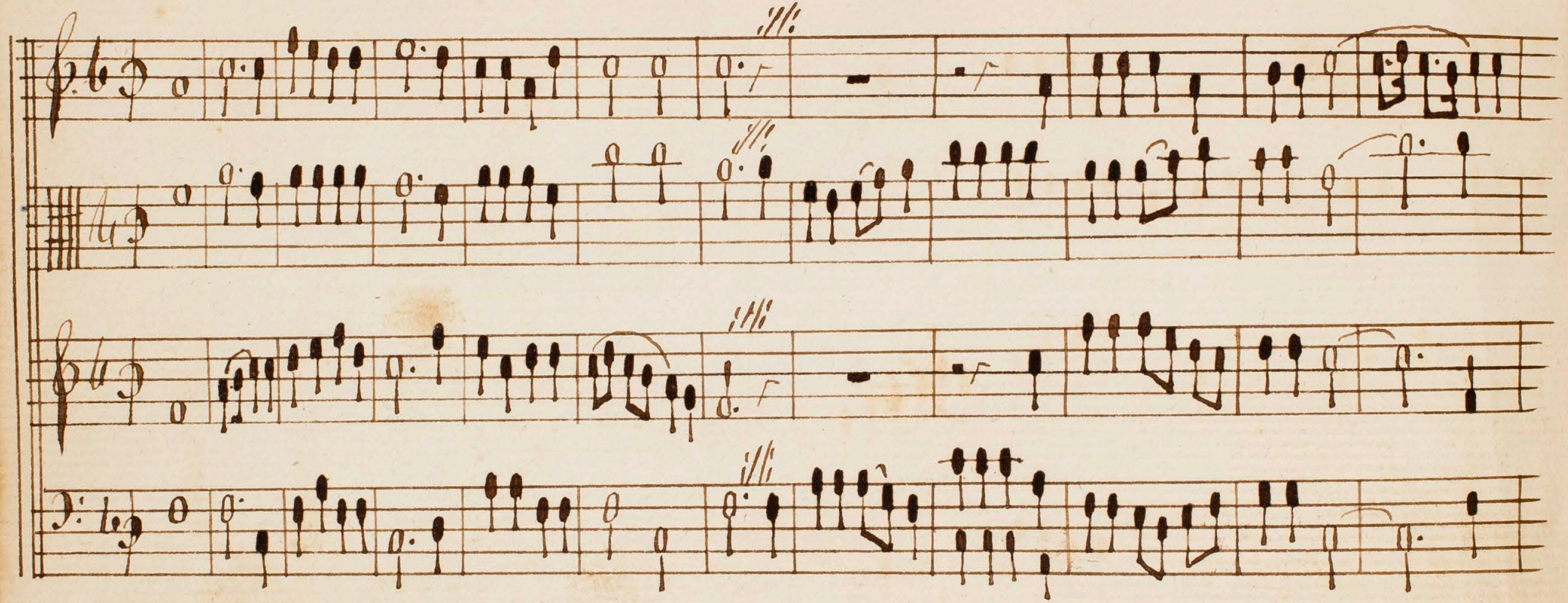
May 20th 1806 Rochester

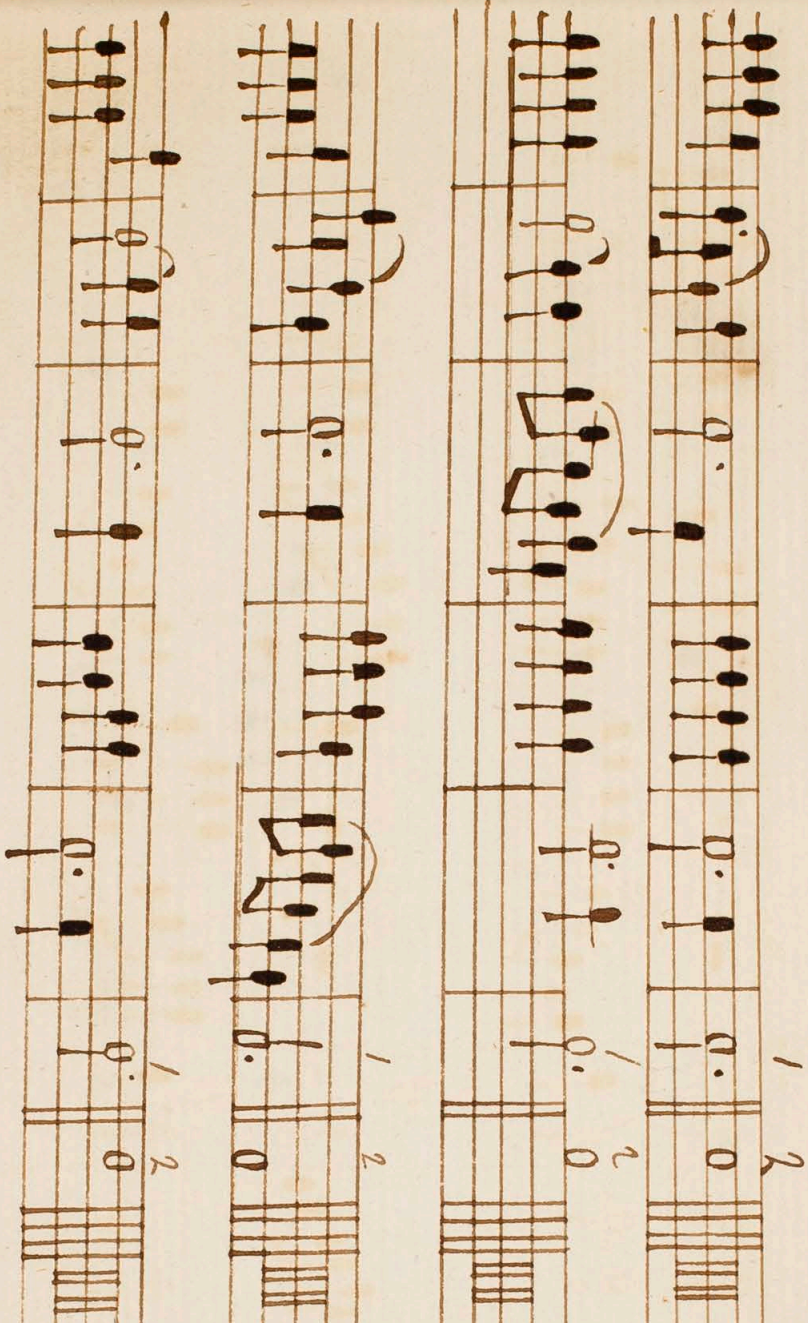
Wantage C M. William's Coll. Ps. 17.

My God, the visits of thy face Afford superior joy To all the flatt'ring world, can give Or mortal hopes employ —

Richmond L. M.

32d Ps. 1 Part



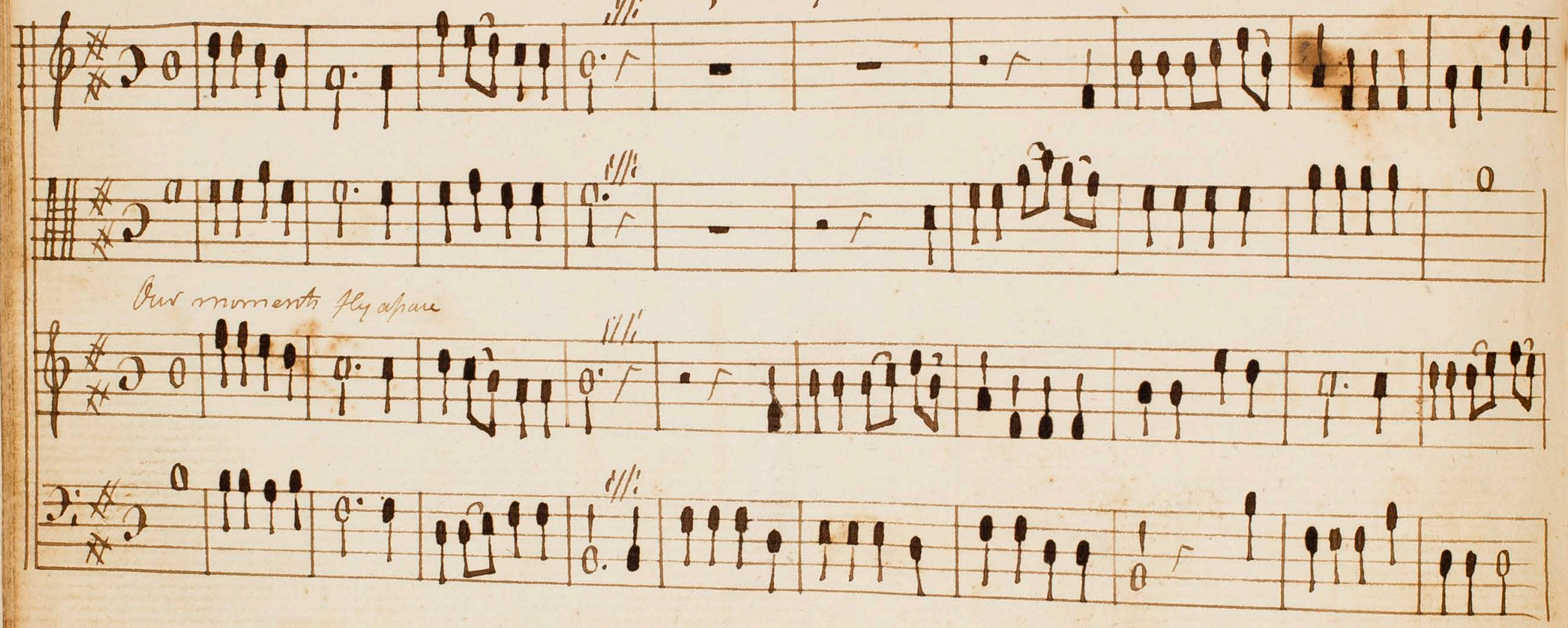


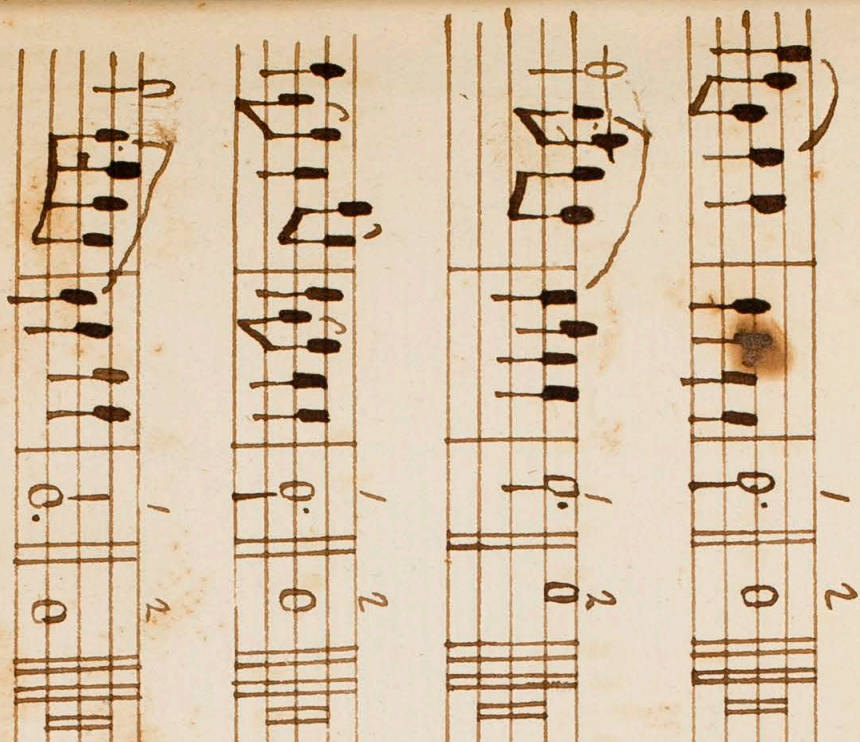
Life is the time to serve the Lord
The time to ensure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Rochester August 5th 1806

4 50.

Evening Hymn S. M. Ps. 90.





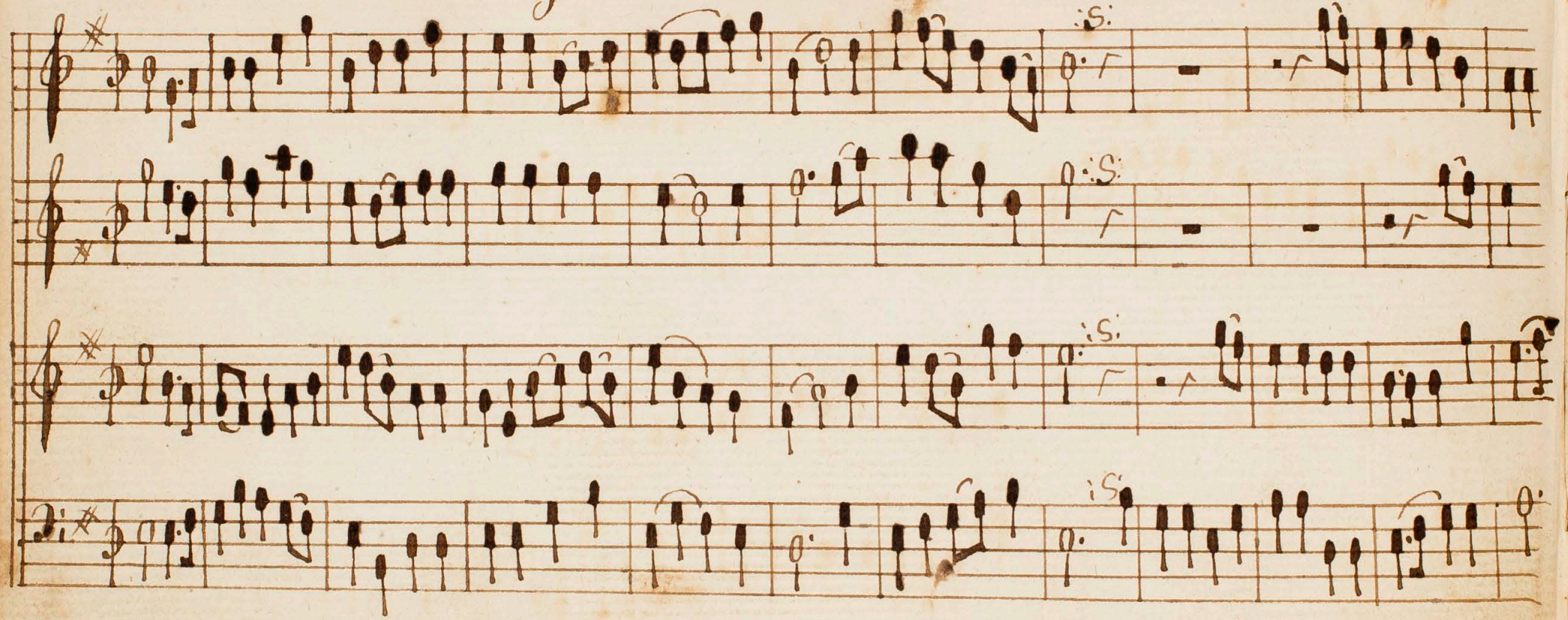
Our moments fly apace
Nor will our minutes stay
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away

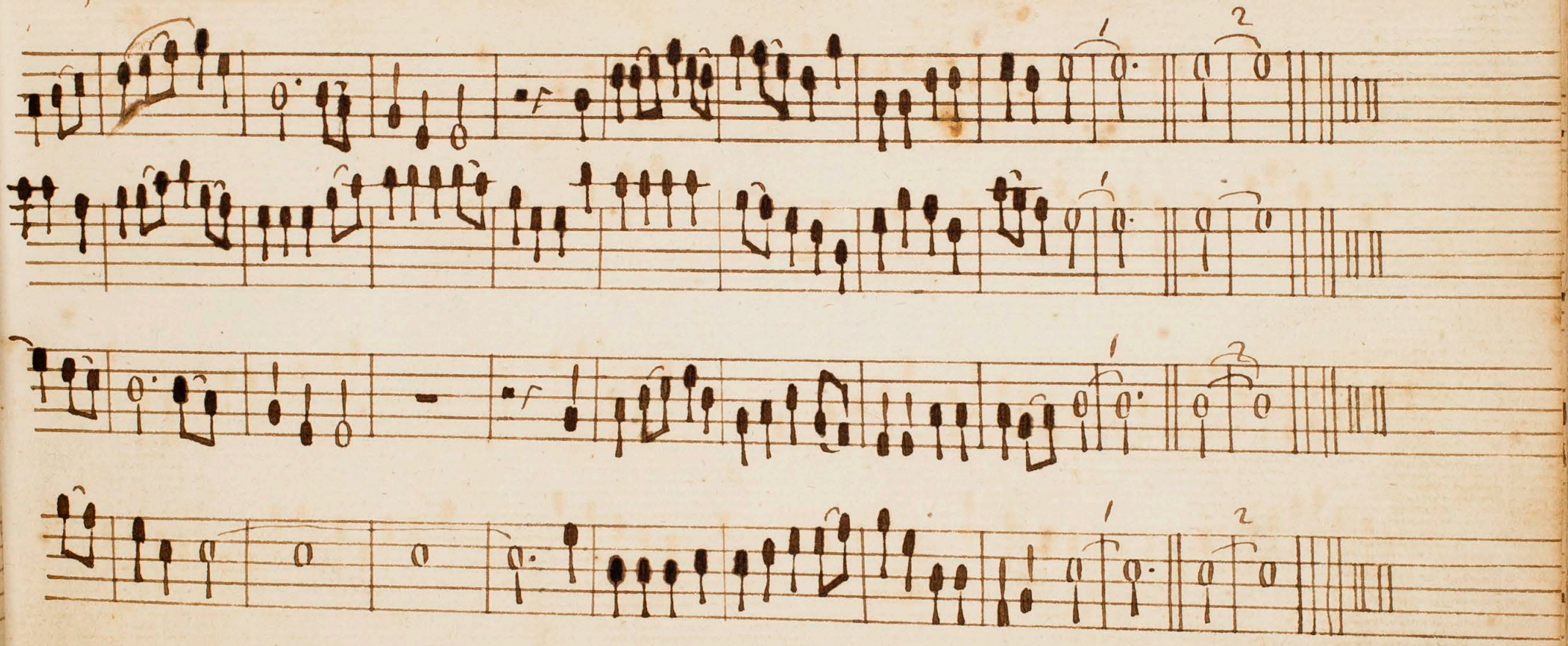
Rochester August 5th 1806

4 5½.

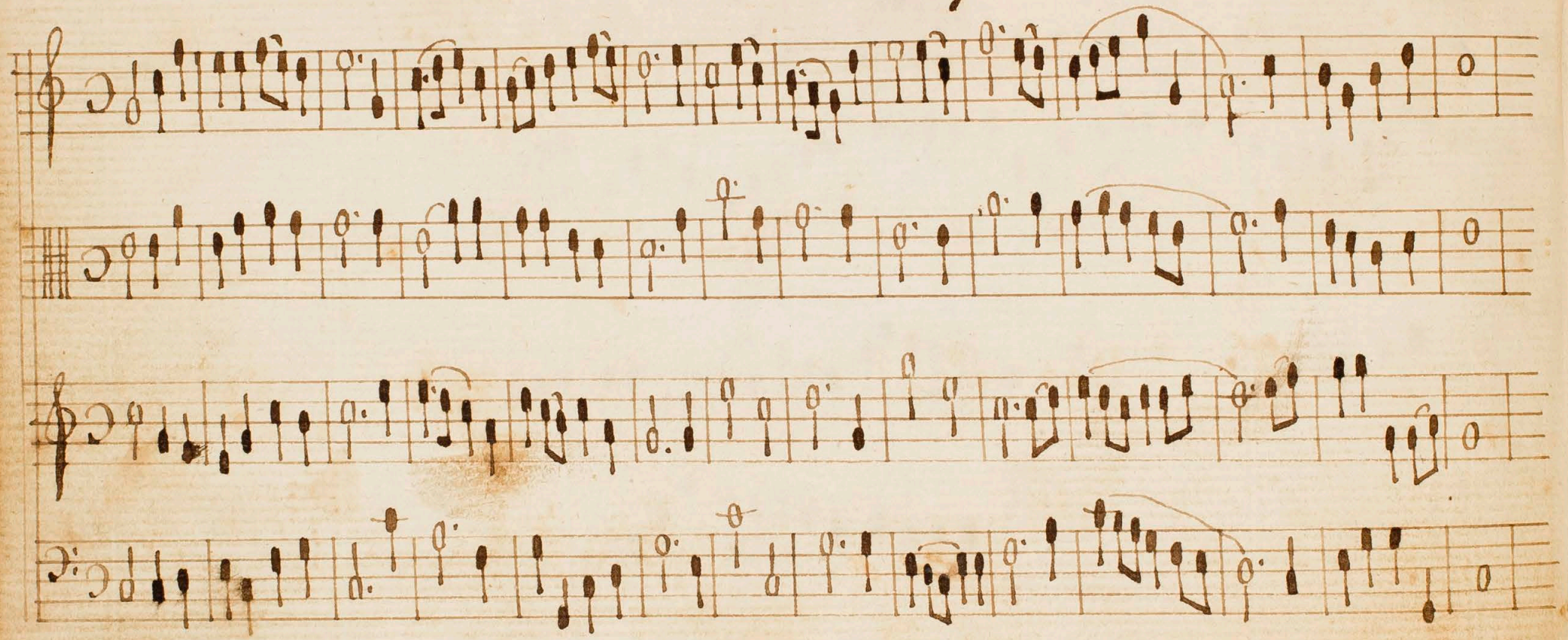
Fairy Bells

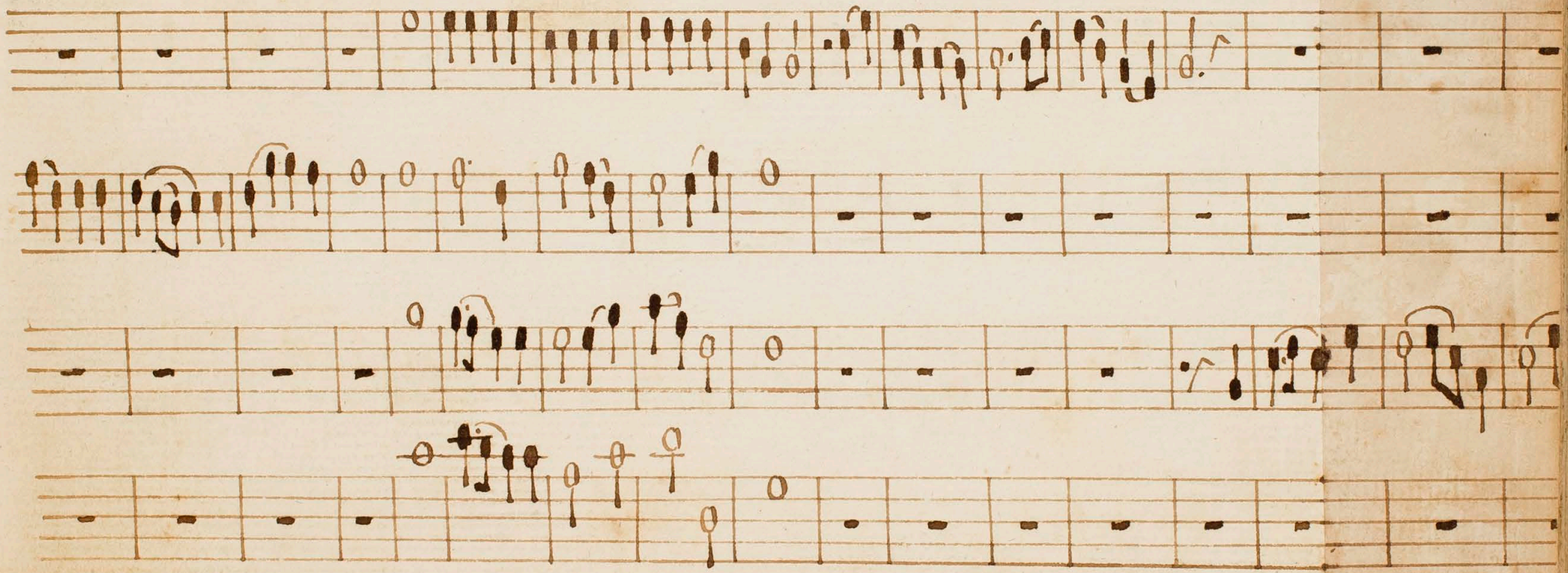
Delight P. M. 121 Psalm 3 Verse





Canton L. M. By Swan —

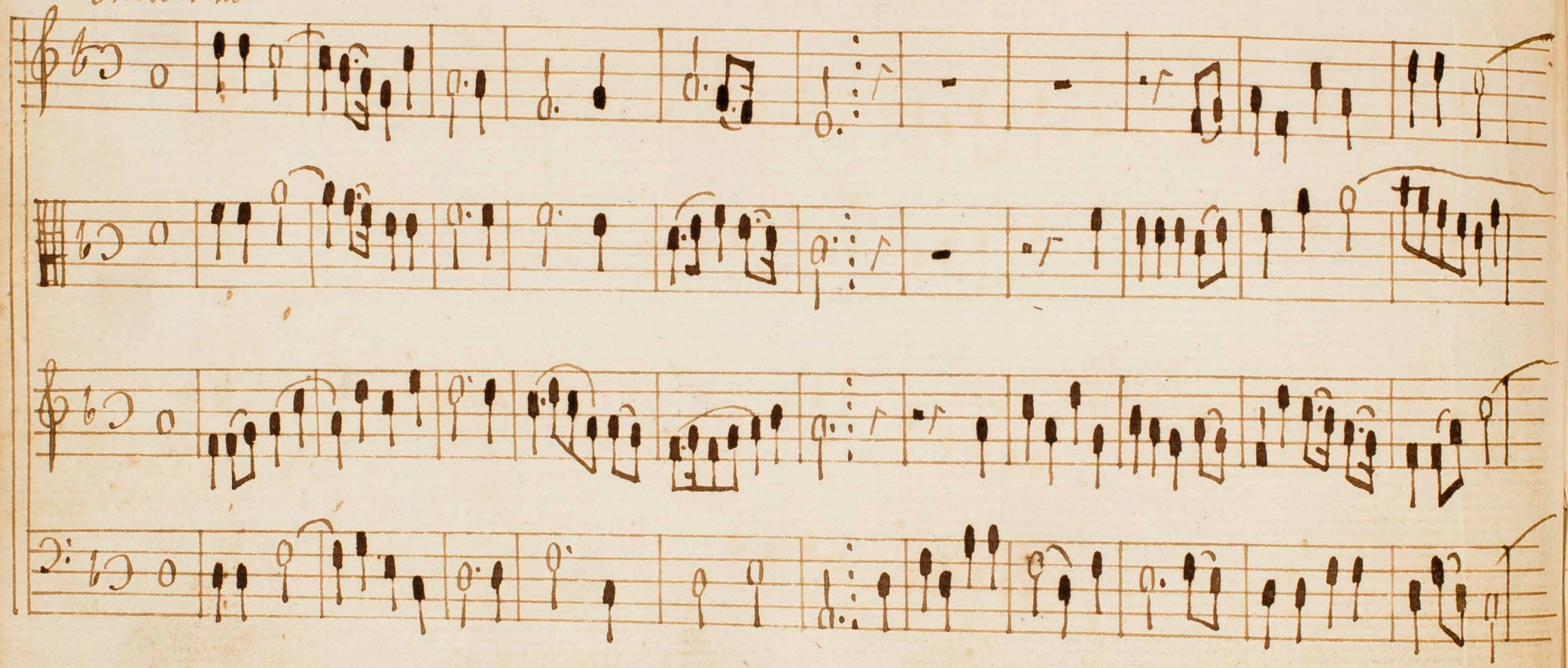


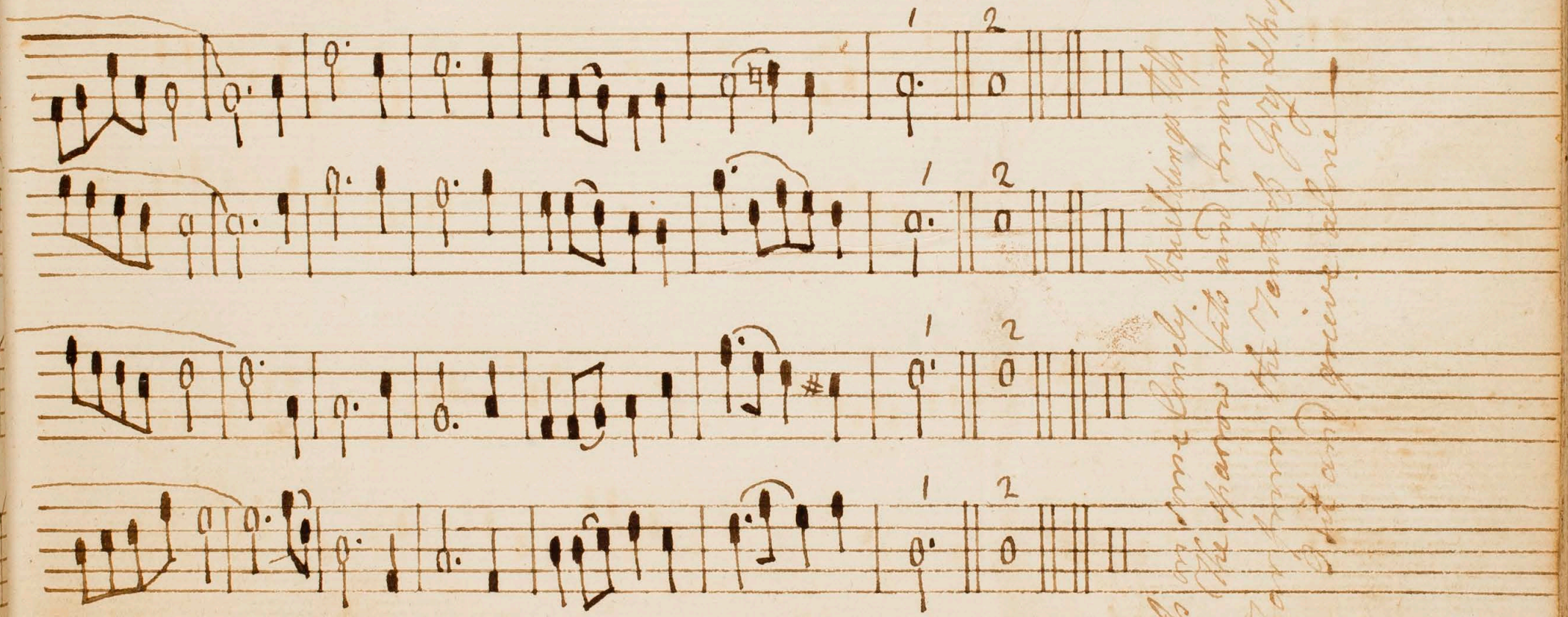


5 Gold.

Solitude C. M.

Mod. Pia.



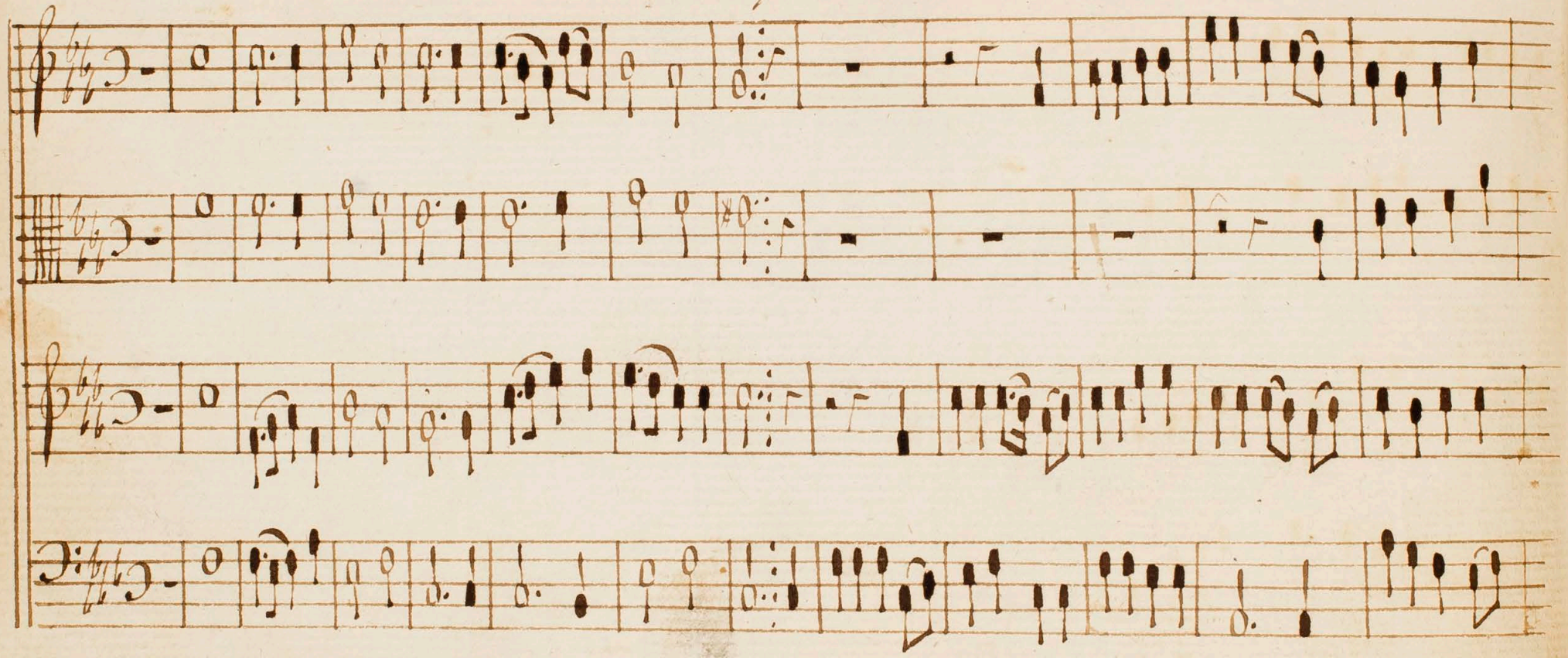


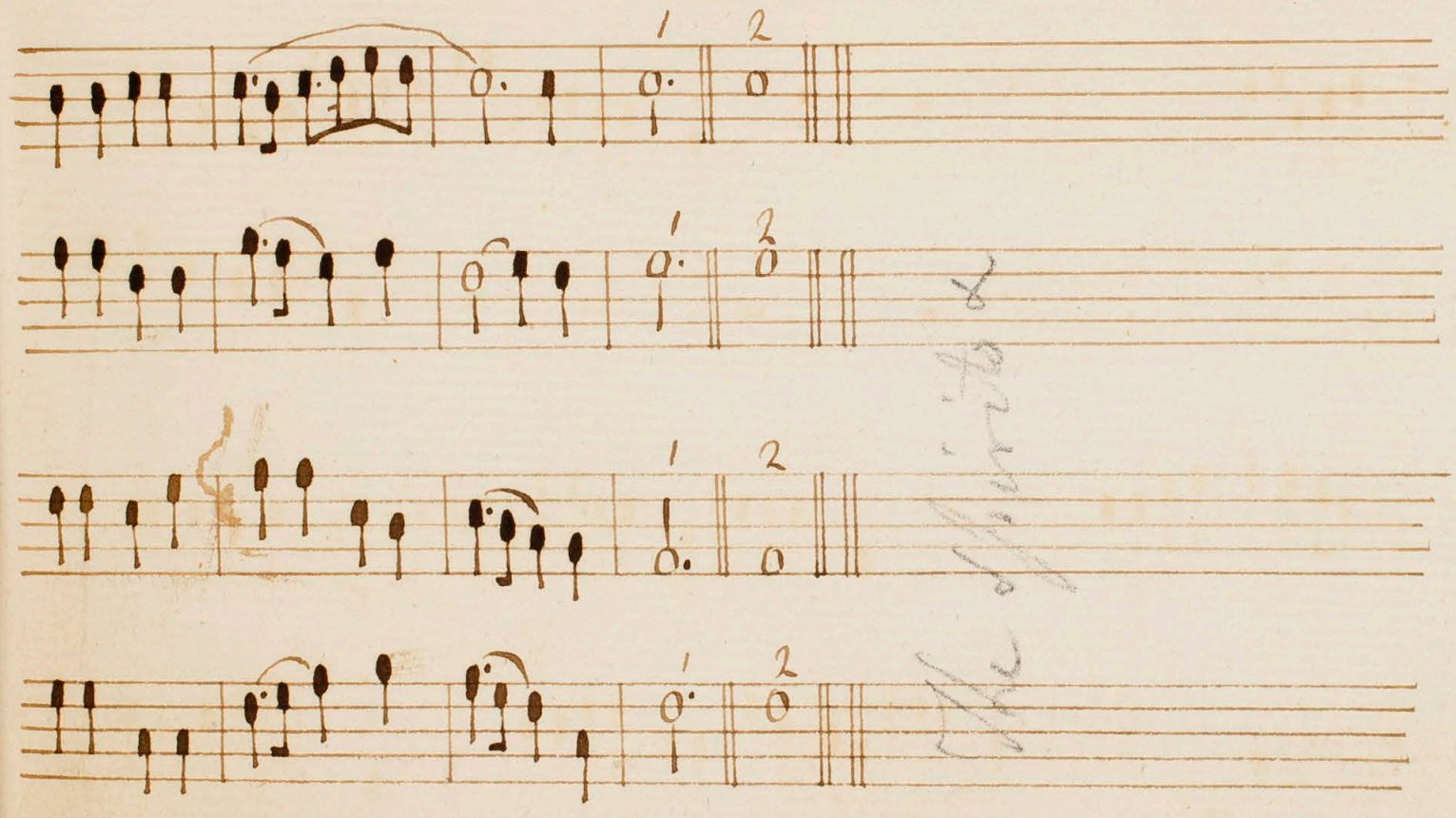
For more lively touching the
the Hands bite in Succession
Continue the Mental Cry Shake
Repeat as given above

16

5 68

Funeral Hymn S. M. By Stone

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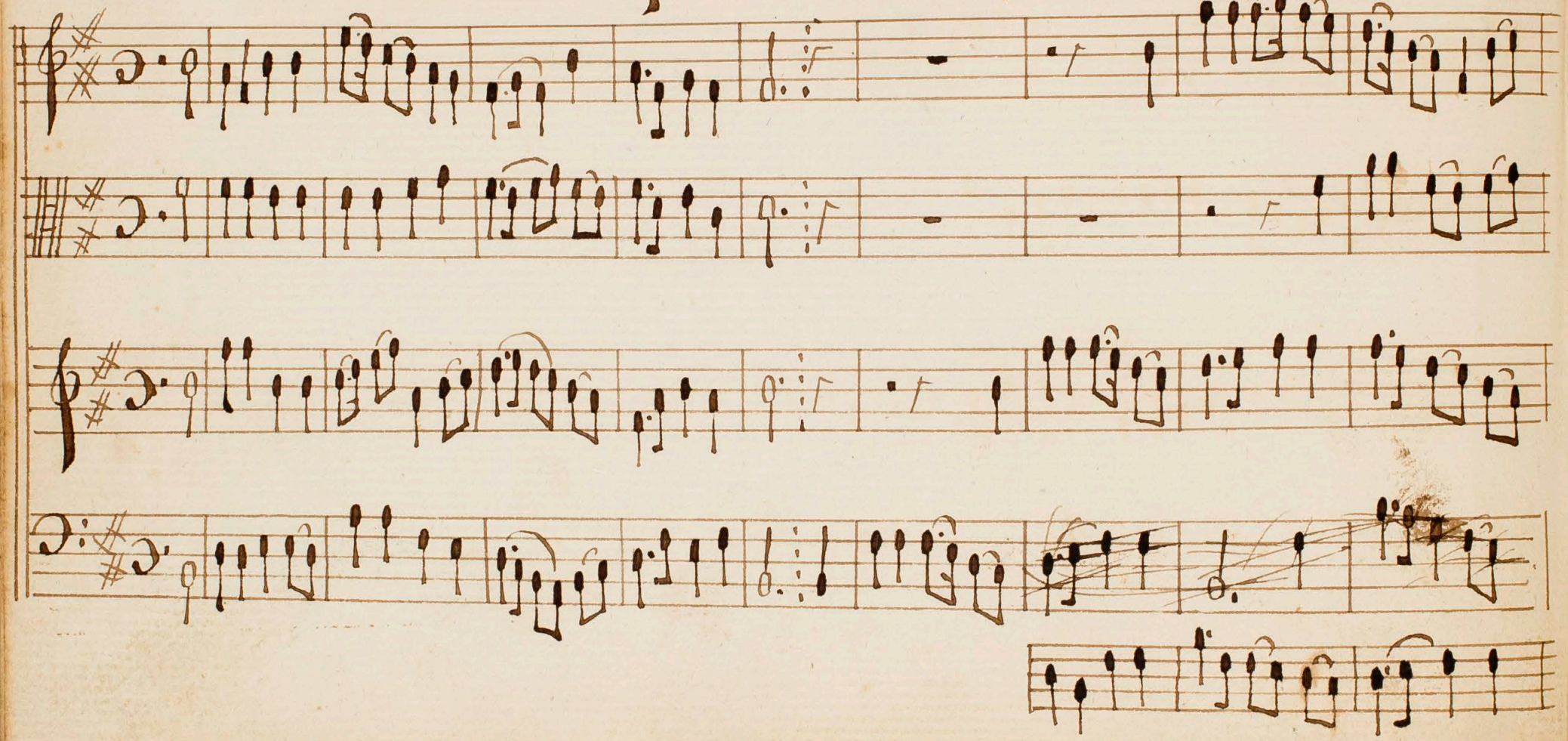
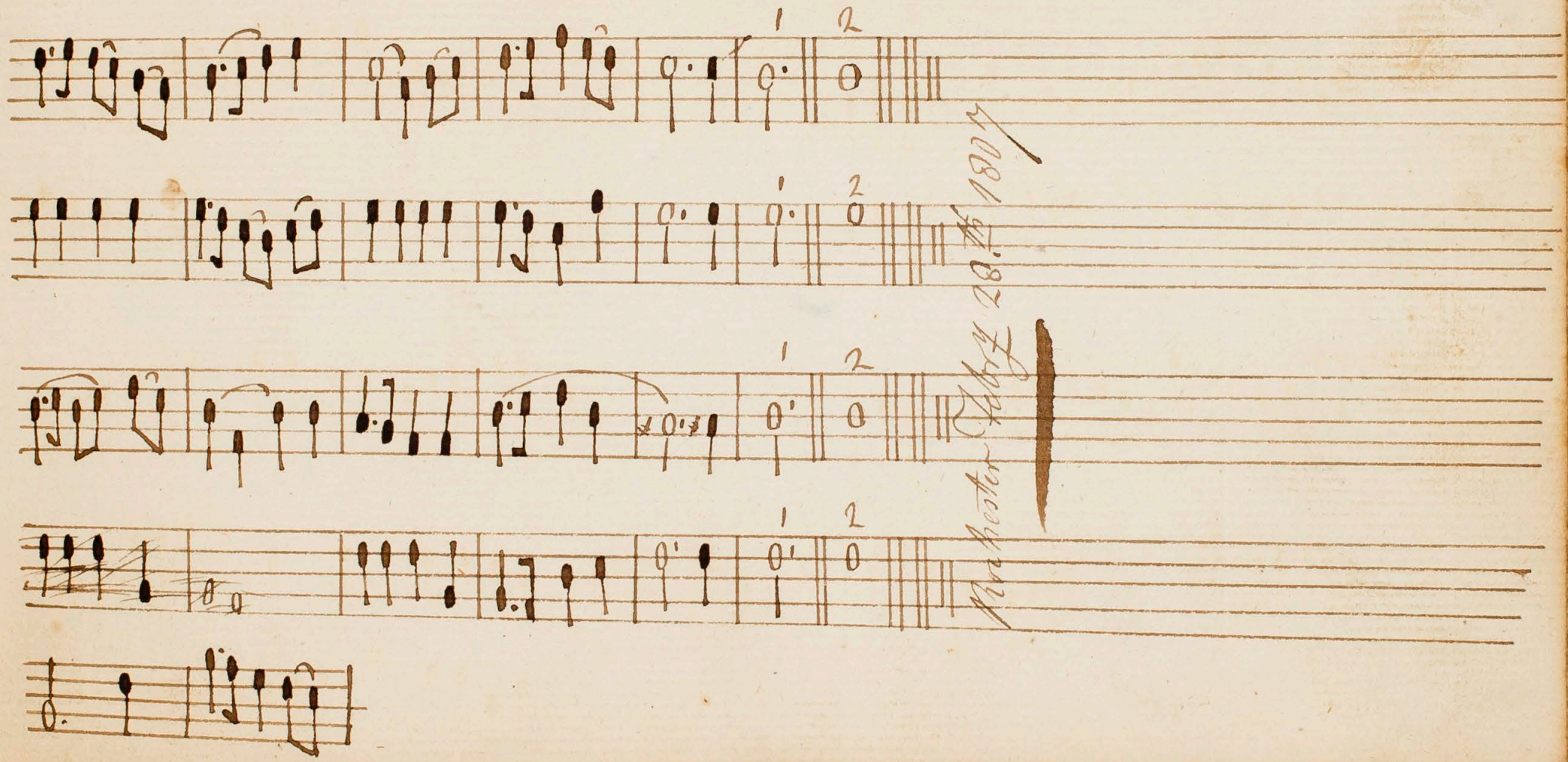
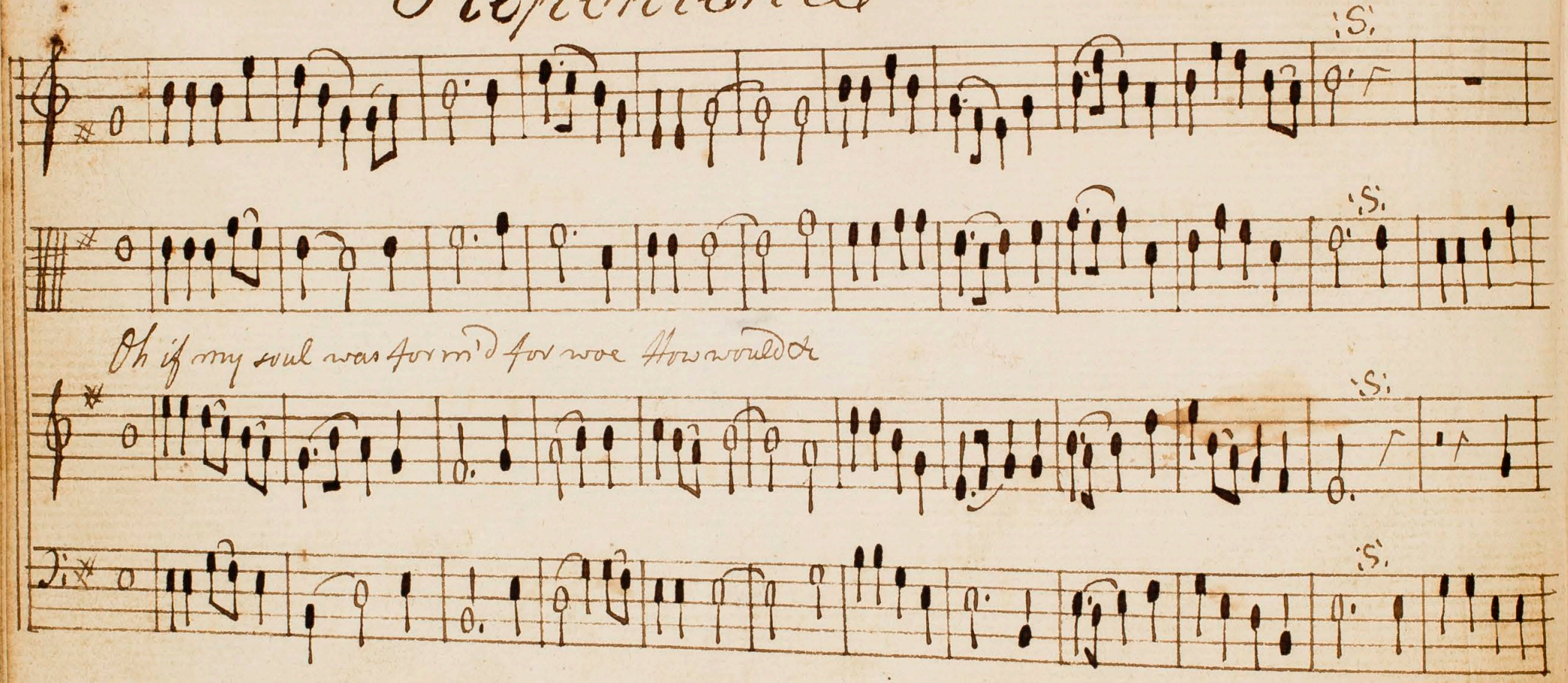
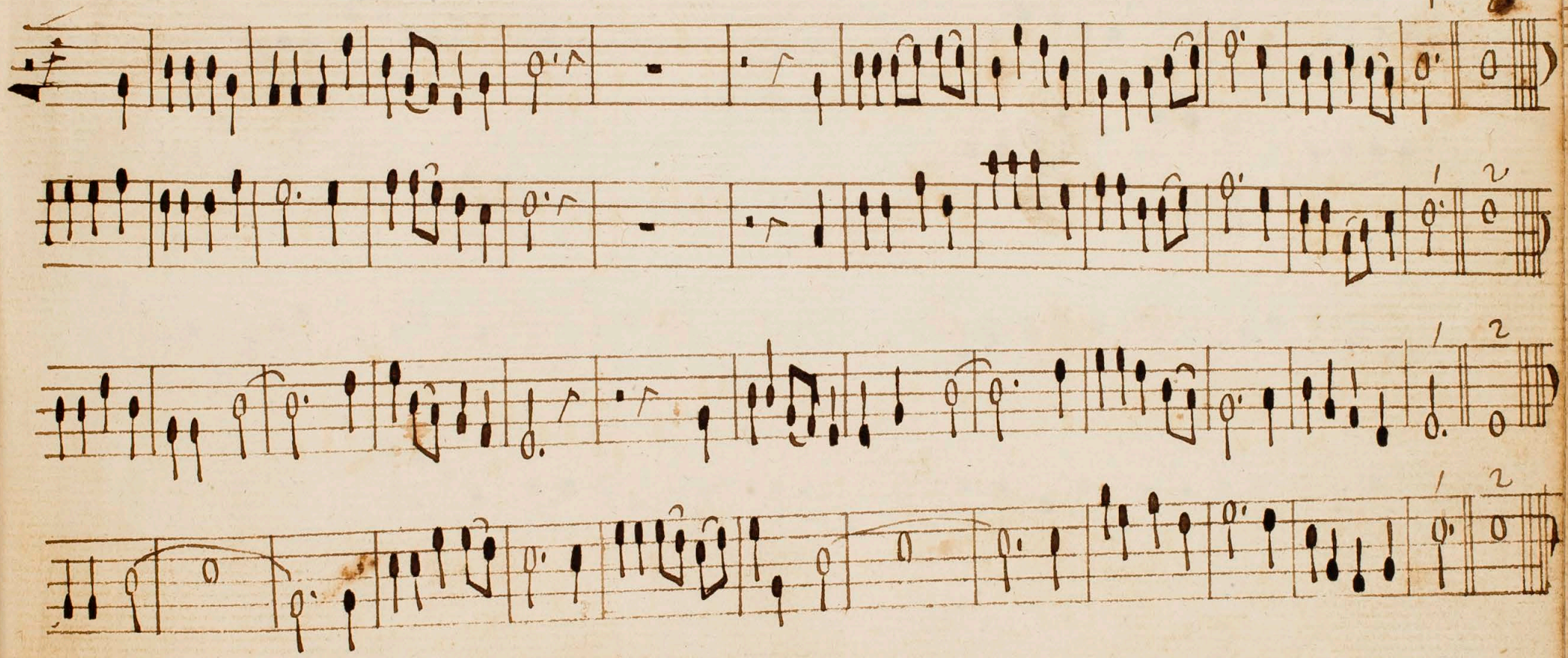
Abington L. M.




Manchester Abbey 28th 1807

Repentance

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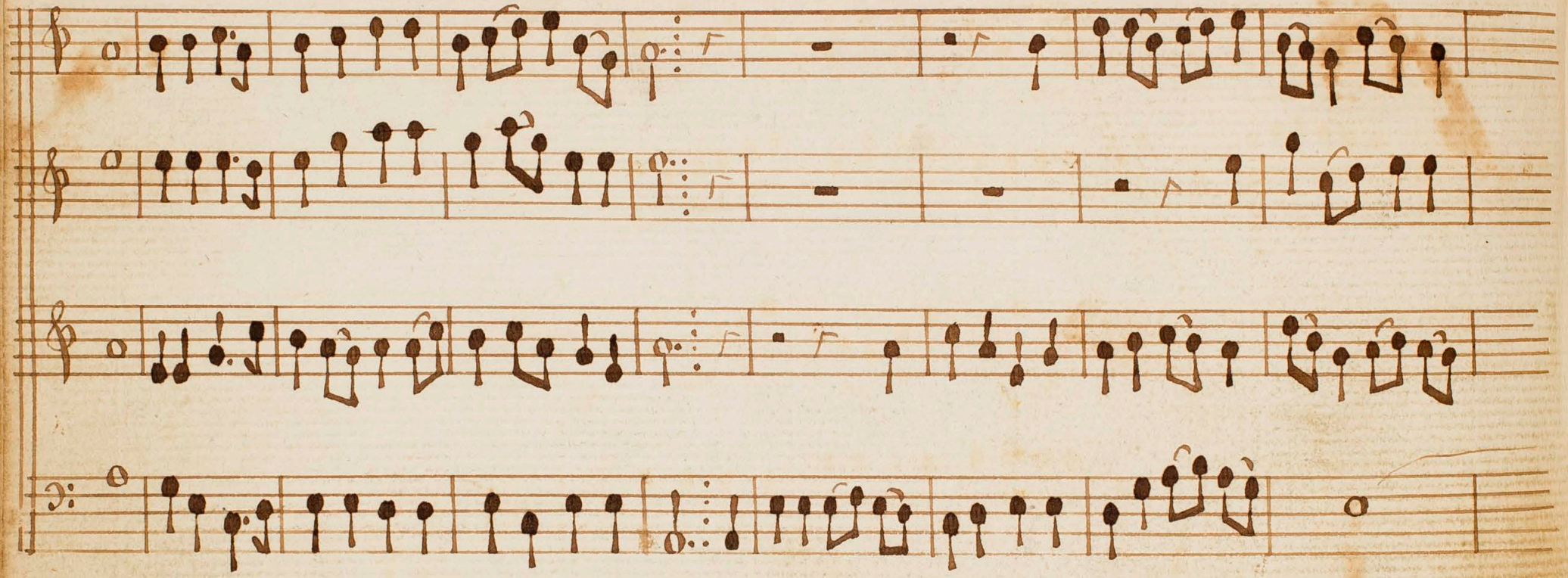
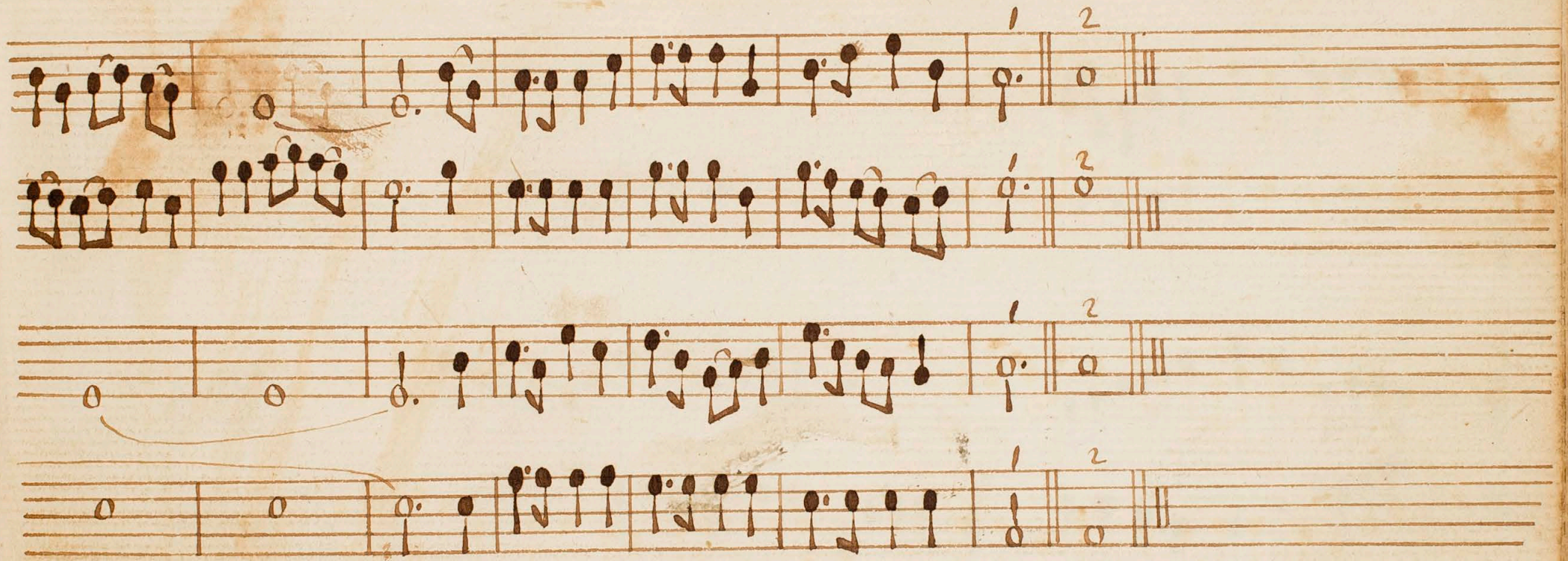
New Durham C. M.

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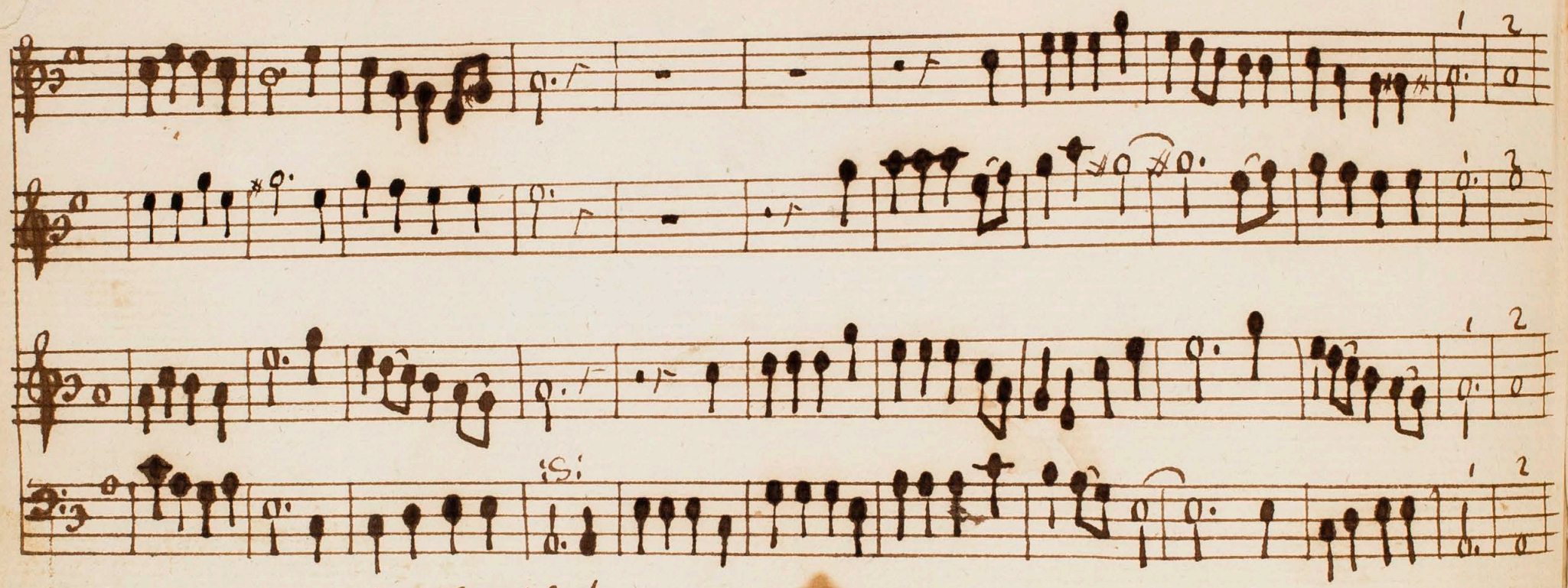
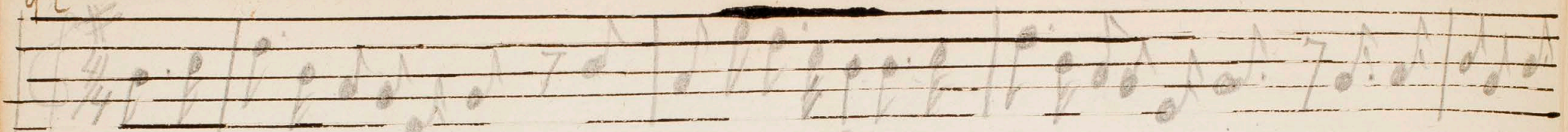
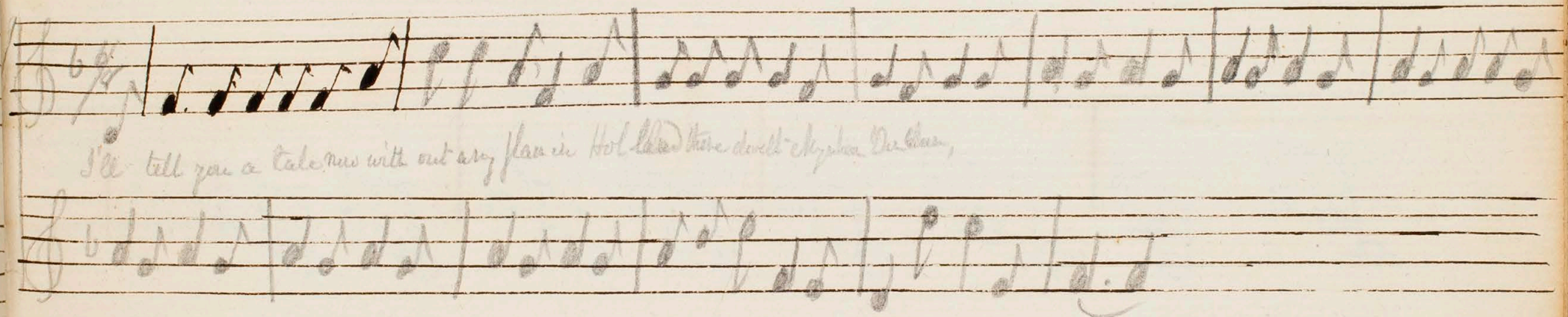
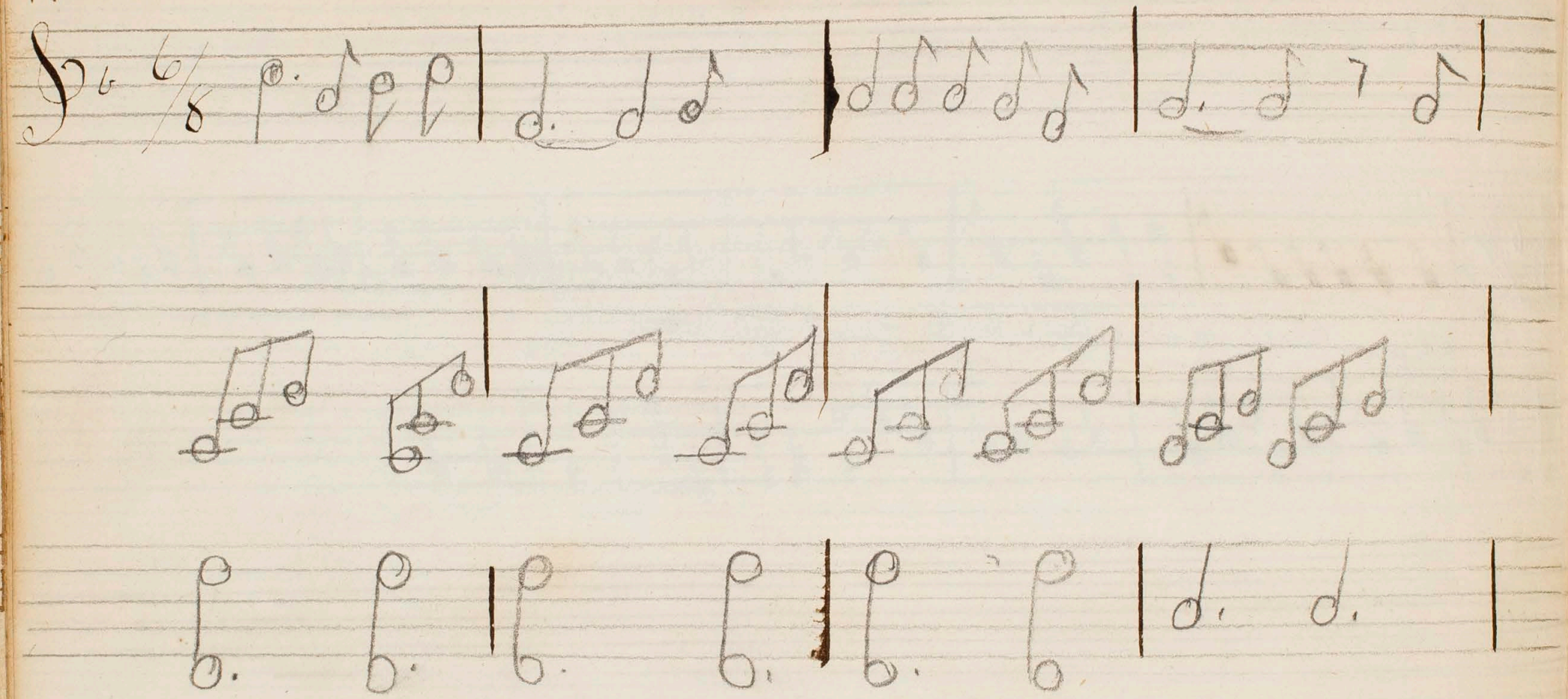
America S. M.

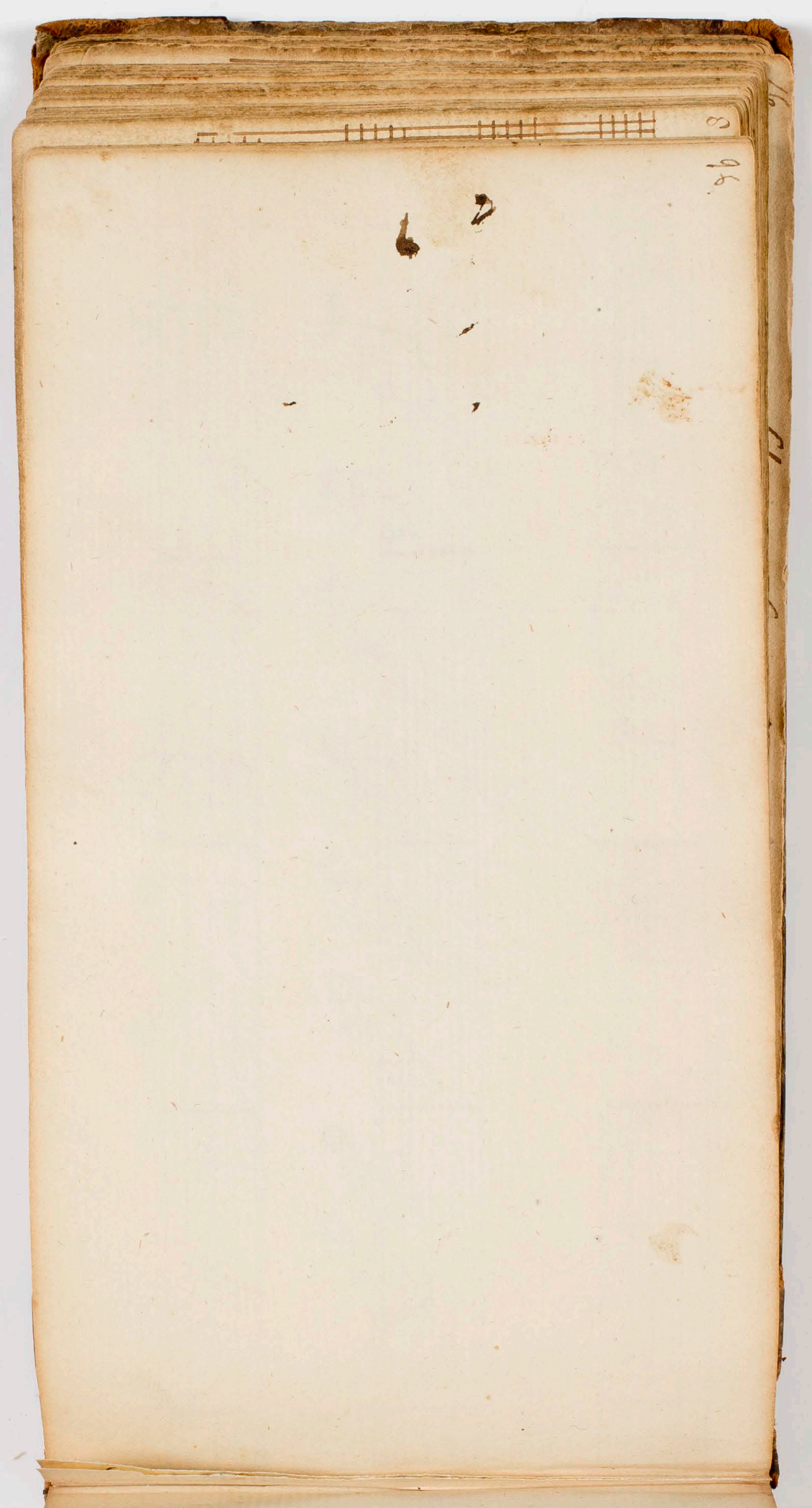


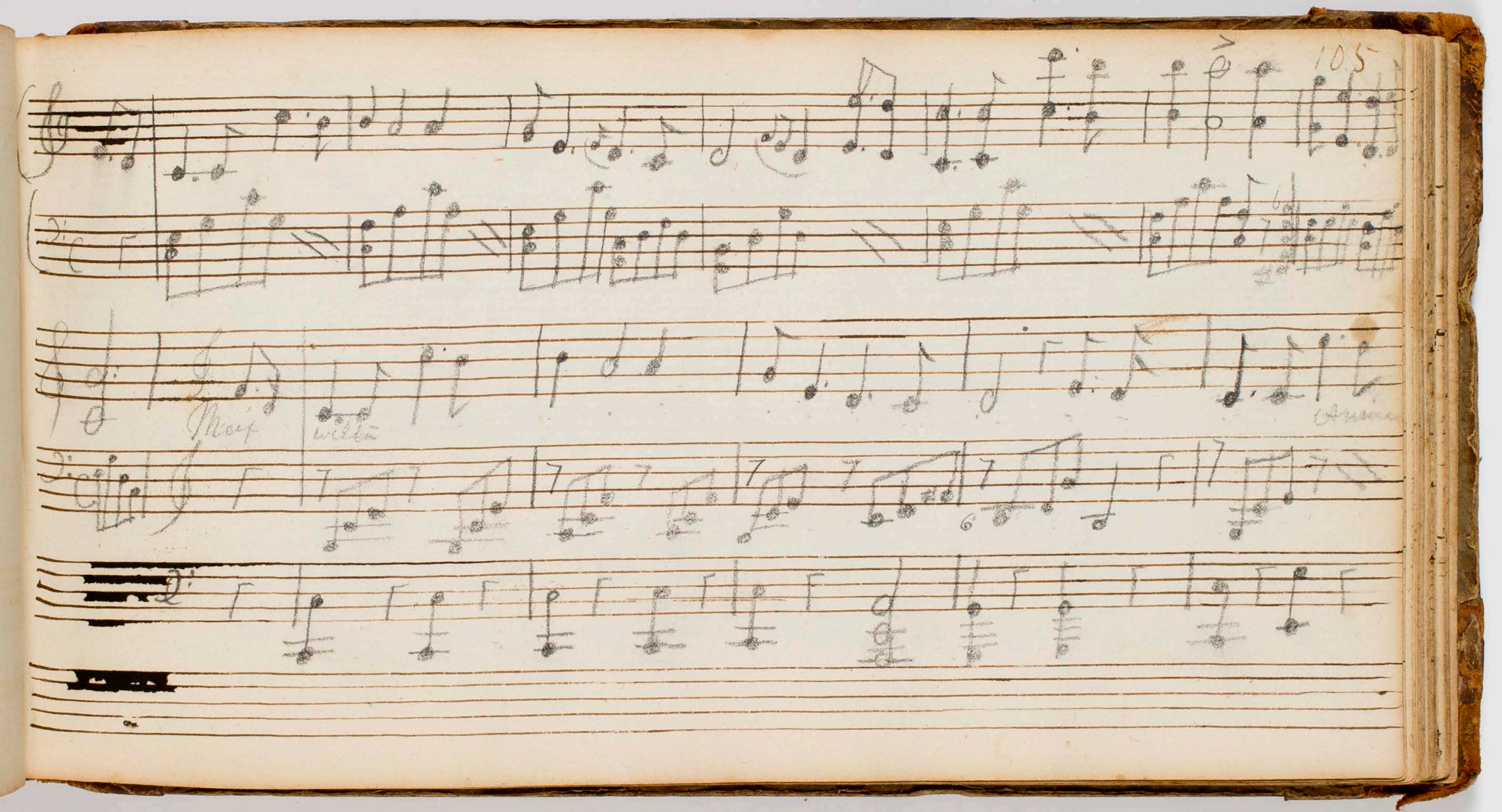
My God when I reflect
How all my life time past
I ran the road of sin and death
With rash impetuous haste -




I'll tell you a tale nus with out any flam in Hol land there dwelt Mynheer Du Blum,






Mouf
Willen
Arme

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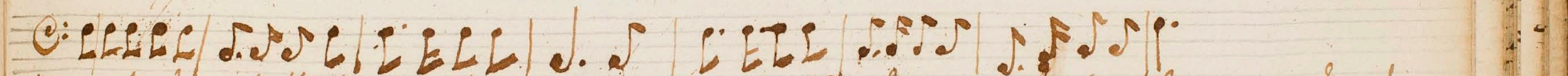
123 + 2

12

Auld Lang Syne

My God what silken cords are thine! How soft yet how strong, Whilst pow'r & truth,
and grace combine To draw our souls along.



When crushed beneath the heavy yoke Of folly & of sin Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
Our grateful hearts to win.

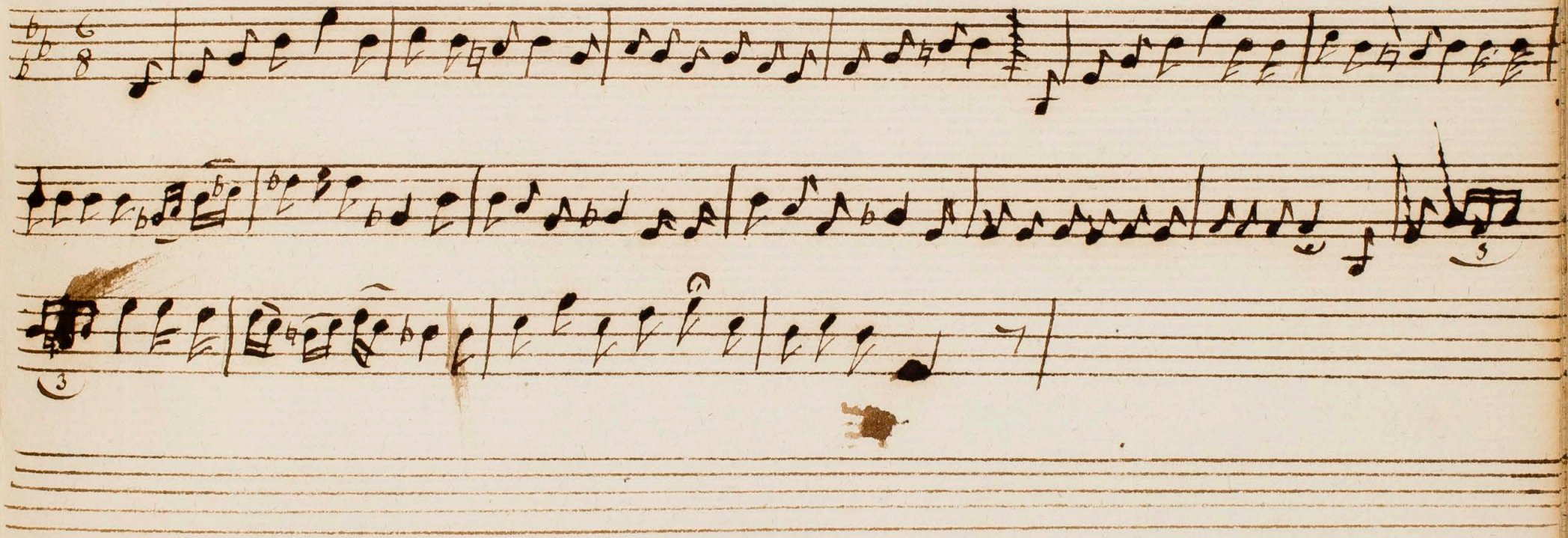
133

such he said that they flowing streams
glide through the mist might air
[illegible]

135

157

Serenade



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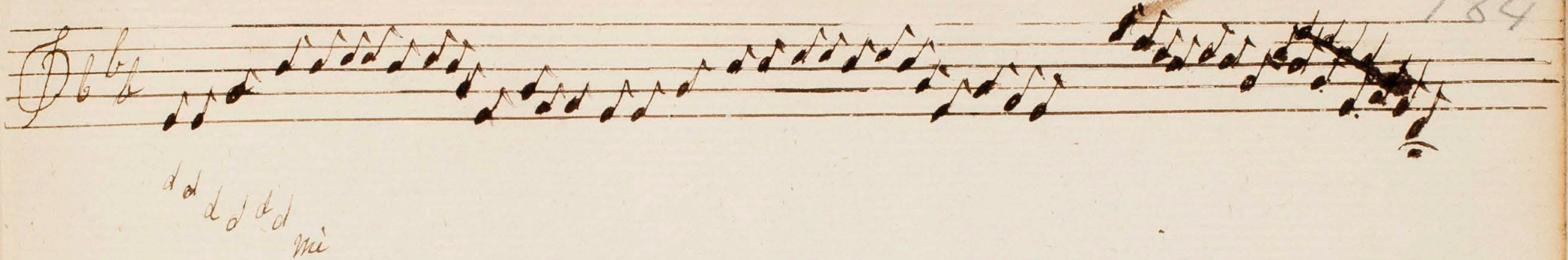
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mi

165

Sambo's Adress to he Bredren -

1 Broder let us leave
Buckra lan' for Hayti
Dere we be receive
Gran' as Lafayette
Make a mighty show
W'en we lan' from steamship
Be like Monroe
You like Louis Philippe
Chinger ringer ringer ringer ring ching ching
Ho a dinkum darkey -
Chinger &c

2 No more carry hod
No more Oyster ope'
No more pig de sod
No more 'Street de shoppe
But lab whiskers gran'
An' promenade de streets
Wid beauties of de 'lan
W'ere we in full dress meet-e Ching

3 No more will w'ite man stare
W'en we stan' in mob-e
An' frite our lubly fair
W'ch make dem Dy-e sob-e
Den our wives be gran'
An' in diamons shine
W'ile every colored man
Hab much he drink of wine
Chinger &c

4 Dere smoke de bes segar
Fresh from the Havanna
Wile our dosters fair
play on the piana
Dere we lib so fine
Lid our coach an hose
An' every time we dine
Hab one, two, tree, four courses

5. No more our son kry "sweep" e
No more he be de Nacky
No more our dosters weep
But dey call dem blacky
No more de servant be
No more wash an cook e
But every day we see
Dem read de novel book e

6 No more wid black a brush
Make boot an shoe to shine e
But hab all good things plush
An' all ob dem sublime e
No more dance for ele
An' all dem sort o' fishe
No more eat Korn meal
But hab de bes of dish e

7

No more kry hot corn
Or pepper pot all hot e
But cook de luby lawn
An' ded in shady grotte

8 Dere we hab parties big
Dere dance an play de fiddle
Dere waltz an hab de jig
Rash off an dance de Middle
Den in de gran Salon
We take de blushing damsel
We eye eyes shine like de moon
An ebbery mouth dey cram full

9 Den dance at will de jig
What will man call cotillion
In Hall so mighty big
In hole a half a million
Den take our partners out
Den forward two an back
Den cross an turn about
An then go home in Hacky

10 Dere we are sure to make
Our daughters de fine lady
An wen dey husban take
Dey love de common grade
An den perhaps our son
He rise in glory's splendor
An be like Washington
He country's great defender

Symphony	4	P. M.
Amanda	8	L. M.
Shoreham	12	C. M.
Evening Shade	30	S. M.
Linnet		L. M.
Grafton		C. M.
Solemn Song	16	C. M.
Solitude	26	C. M.
Willington		S. M.
Venus		S. M.
Barnstable		C. M.
Complaint		L. M.
Ohio		P. M.
Sunday	20	P. M.
Livonia		P. M.
Stratfield		L. M.
Milton		P. M.
Attleborough	24	L. M.

Elegy	34	S. M.
Pennsylvania	38	P. M.
Tribulation	42	S. M.
Wantage	45	C. M.
Richmond	48	L. M.
Evening Hymn	52	S. M.
Delight	58	P. M.
Calston	62	L. M.
Solitude	66	C. M.
Funeral Hymn	70	S. M.
New Durham	82	C. M.

Auld Lang Syne 134 Auld Lang Syne

R Serenade = 138

Fairy Reels 55